Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1788.

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THE BYSTANDER MARCH 23, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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Herbert Farjeon : Howard Marshall

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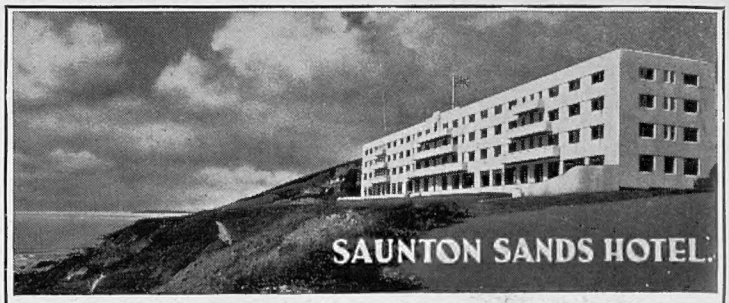

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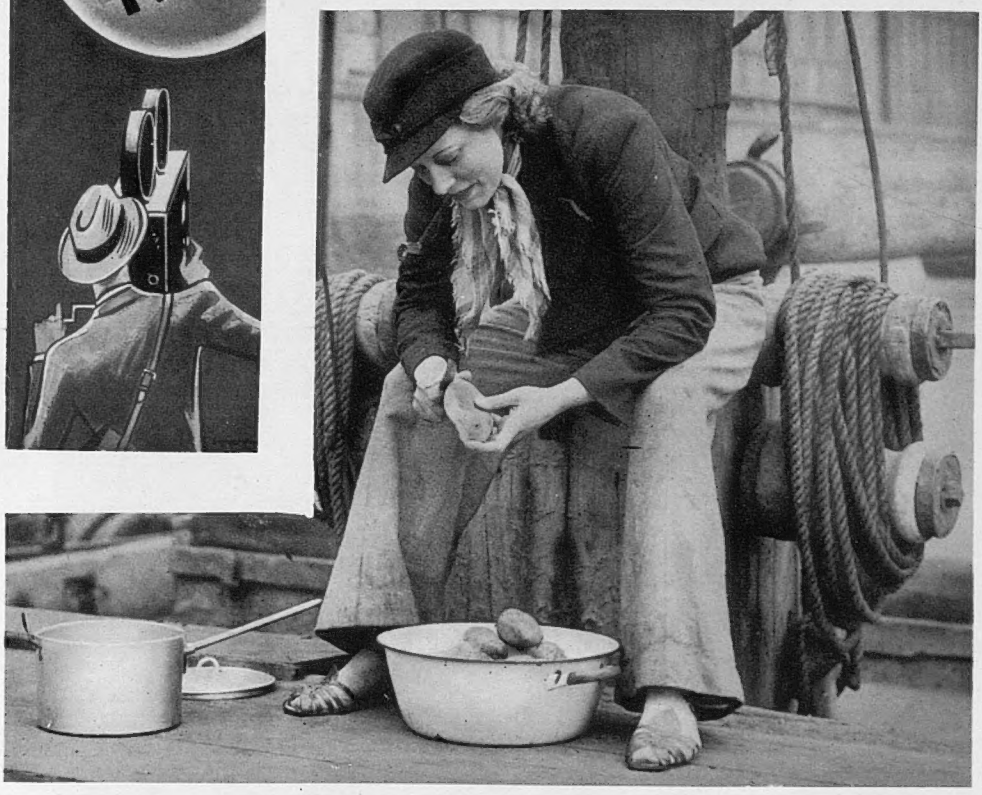
The Bystander

John Everard

Tamara Geva—Star of "Idiot's Delight"

Last night Tamara Geva and Raymond Massey started saying to London the lines from *Idiot's Delight* that Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt said to New York for more than a year. The play is Robert E. Sherwood's, and won the Pulitzer Prize. To-night it is being given for charity (Mothers' Clinics, N.B.C.A.). Tamara Geva is a beautiful Russian ex-dancer who as Gevergeva was briefly with Diaghileff and very successfully with Ziegfeld. Then she shortened her name and turned actress, was brilliant in New York's *On Your Toes* among other things, and has talent-snatching Hollywood waiting for her with a contract

. . . Careers for the Few

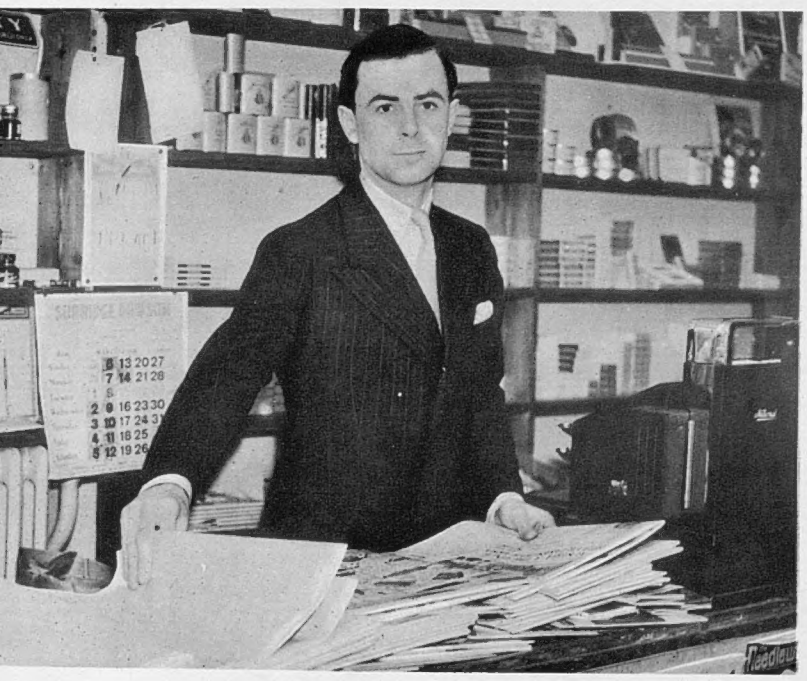


Home-Making on a Barge

Mrs. Ian Hassall thinks a woman's place is the home—a thirty-nine-year-old barge, Silver Wedding, which used to carry coke and cement. Now it houses her and her artist husband, moored near the Tate Gallery in winter, sailing round the coast in summer. Mrs. Hassall mixes a ski-ing cap, toe-less sandals, a pipe and potato-peeling into a nice housewifely picture

Becoming Twenty-Eight Feet of Perfection

Miss Doreen Sinclair turned into that statue at the hands of sculptor Barney Seale, who enlarged her to 28 feet in his man-woman-child group for the Glasgow Exhibition. Daughter of an Edinburgh jeweller, she is now inescapably known as "the perfect woman"



Selling News and Sweets

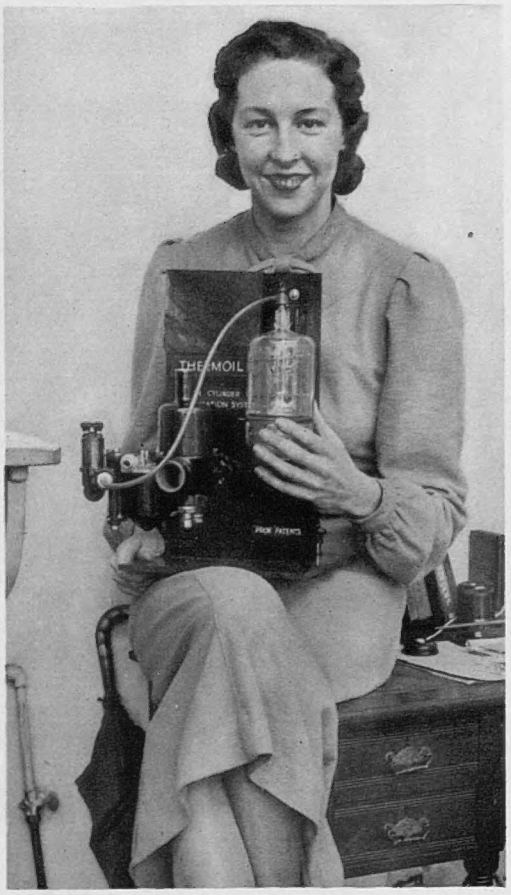
Nicholas Hastings became a shopkeeper after trying the Navy and the law and disliking both. Sir Patrick Hastings' son keeps a neat shelf in his confectionery and newspaper shop in the Finchley Road, crosses off the days on his calendar, and soon hopes to open another shop. He has chain-store ambitions

Making "Snow White" Noises

Styx Gibling made most of the noises in the B.B.C.'s broadcast of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Blowing into pease pudding makes a boiling cauldron, flicking a pack of cards makes fluttering birds' wings, egg-whisk, coffee-pot, anvil, cigar-box make only he knows what. Gibling more normally is drummer of the B.B.C. variety orchestra

Learning to Conduct

The Hon. Ruth Lever conducted her first orchestra in public last Sunday, in Liverpool, at a Merseyside Symphony Orchestra concert. She studied music in Germany, has conducted an amateur choir for some time, and has done some composing



Inventing a Cylinder-Cosy

The Hon. Ruth Cockayne, twenty-eight-year-old car saleswoman sister of Lord Cullen, has invented and patented an appliance for saving piston wear. Thermostatically controlled, it admits warm oil to the upper cylinder until the permanent supply becomes smoother

Putting Glamour Over the Air

Jessie Matthews seemed to find the microphone unresponsive to her orchids, but her listeners weren't unresponsive to her voice: they were the B.B.C.'s invisible millions, as well as those who heard her in the flesh, six thousand dancers in the Albert Hall for the Gaumont British Ball

Touching-Up Thomas Carlyle

John T. Tussaud gives "facials" with delicate skill, and he'll be eighty in May. Carlyle was rescued from the Tussaud fire and is now in the Carlyle Museum in Chelsea. Mr. Tussaud is great-grandson of the famous "Madame"

Driving His Own Train

Sir Josiah Stamp, best news-value among railway chairmen, achieved through the tortuous paths of economics and finance the boyish ambition of becoming an engine-driver. He opened the new electrical section on the L.M.S. between Wirral and Liverpool

Taking an Aspidistra Disguise

Mr. Montagu-Nathan won a prize and a storm of cheers at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball for his aspidistra-lace curtain disguise. He was a founder of the Camargo Ballet

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

AUSTRIA is fallen, fallen. It was in 1278 that Count Rudolf of Hapsburg won the great battle on the Marchfeld (where Napoleon fought Wagram), and founded the fortunes of Austria. For exactly six and a half centuries the Imperial City of Vienna stood. Twice it saved Europe from the Turks. But at last it threw in its lot with the Turks, and after 1915 it could no longer call itself a bulwark of Christendom. And so it was doomed. It was a soft, sweet, lovely city, full of music and laughter and learning. As Wordsworth wrote about Venice—

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

THE prospect which lies before Vienna's Jews makes one shudder. There are two hundred thousand of them in the city, and amongst them are some of the greatest doctors, scientists, and musicians in the world. Already anti-Semitism is being organised. The frontiers are closed. A de Rothschild has had his passport torn up, and has been arrested. (A de Rothschild! In Austria! There's a reversal of fortune for you.) Terrible things will happen before Austria is completely "Nazified."

ALMOST the sole topic of conversation nowadays is "What about Czechoslovakia?" Do we fight for her? Or don't we? If France announces her determination to stand by her ally, do we stand by France? Or don't we? In other words, shall we all find ourselves in khaki within six months? Because that is what it boils down to. International politics have suddenly ceased to be an abstract affair, to be dealt with by exalted pundits in secret cyphers. They have become a matter of life or death to each one of us.

AN uncomfortably truculent speech was made by Herr Frank in the Chamber of Deputies in Prague. Herr Frank, who is a prominent member of the German minority party in Czechoslovakia, spoke with enthusiasm of events in Austria, and almost seemed to invite a repetition of those events in the country of which he is a citizen. This truculent attitude of the three and a half million Germans in that minority may, however, help Prague to get a working arrangement with Warsaw. The Poles are painfully conscious that they too have a large German minority, and that the Province of Poznania, the Corridor to the port of Gdynia, and a considerable slice of the rich, industrial area in Upper Silesia was acquired by Poland as a direct result of the war. Herr Hitler cannot logically call a halt in his mission to unite the Germanic peoples without making a dart at Poland as well.

Two Victims of the Nazification of Austria

No two Austrians can have more friends in England than Baron Georg Franckenstein, the Minister whose Legation has ceased to exist, and Herr Hannes Schneider, who practically "made" Austria for ski-ers, and who was arrested last week. It is hoped that Baron Franckenstein will make his home in London, which owes him so much as diplomat and as host. This portrait of him was painted by Tyrolean-born Hubert Gurschner, who has a studio over here. A consequence of Herr Schneider's arrest was the cancellation of the Arlberg-Kandahar races at St. Anton last week-end, a protest which every winter sportsman would be thankful to think might result in the great ski-er's release

THE German Führer's mission also affects Denmark, which received the Province of Holstein as a result of the Peace Treaties, Lithuania, which acquired, if not the actual sovereignty, at least a strong influence over the city of Memel, and Belgium, which received the districts of Eupen and Malmedy. Here is enough material for explosions in Europe, without beginning to reckon the Germans in Alsace and Lorraine. As for the Germans in the Tyrol, that is an affair for the two ends of the Berlin-Rome axis.

I AM now taking you over from Central Europe to our Spanish studio, as the broadcasting boys say. General Franco's troops, preceded by an immense barrage of artillery shells and aeroplane bombs, have made a very big advance on the Aragon front. Indeed, they have moved so quickly and so far that the Aragon front has ceased to exist, and has now become the Valencia and Catalonia front. Their main objective is the Barcelona-Valencia road. The collapse of the Government forces has falsified all the military predictions and all the psychological predictions which have been made during the last year or so. By all the teaching of history, the Spaniard ought to be a stubborn fighter when he is in a strong defensive position, and the high mountains and narrow defiles of Aragon ought to have given him plenty of positions from which not even modern explosives ought to have been able to bounce him.

SWITCHING over again, this time from our Spanish to our Lithuanian studio, we find ourselves on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier. This frontier has been "dead" for nearly twenty years. That is to say, no train, no car, no lorry has crossed it since Poland seized in 1920 the town of Vilna which had been allotted to Lithuania by the Peace Treaties. Now a Polish soldier has been shot on the frontier, and Warsaw has fired a drastic ultimatum at the Kovno Government. The serious point about this is that Russia regards Lithuania as one of her pets, and might take a strong anti-Polish line in the dispute just at the moment when a Russo-Polish harmony is of great importance to the safety of Czechoslovakia.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of March 2nd we published a photograph of Miss Hersey Williamson, daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Williamson, and stated that she is a debutante of this year. This is incorrect; Miss Williamson will not be coming out until next year. We much regret this mistake.

MR. LITVINOV, sole survivor of Mr. Stalin's buddies of yesteryear, has issued an appeal for a conference of the non-aggression Powers. That is to say, he wants everyone who is interested in stopping the onward rush of Germany, Italy, and Japan to get together as quickly as possible to see what they can do to stop that rush. A good idea, but not quite such a good "country of origin," as the Board of Trade boys say.

THE Prime Minister (who at the moment is surely working harder than any Prime Minister has worked since the days of Mr. Lloyd George), has declined to hold an enquiry into the state of our military aviation. The Opposition had laid stress on the paragraphs in the Cadman Report on civil aviation which criticised the Air Minister for not developing civil flying. If Lord Swinton, said the Opposition, has been inefficient in one direction, may he not have been equally inefficient in the other? Mr. Chamberlain most ingeniously replied that it was Lord Swinton's immense activity and efficiency on the military side which had made him temporarily neglect the civil side.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP was very guarded when the question of buying aeroplanes and equipment from the United States was brought up in the House of Commons. "There is nothing wrong," he said, "in obtaining equipment that we require from other countries." "I wish we obtained more," interposed Mr. Churchill. "It may be much more," replied Sir Thomas, "than the Right Honourable gentleman realises." And that was all he would say. The result of the Air Debate was that Mr. Chamberlain is satisfied with the Air Force, but that a good many other Members are not happy about it.

LAST week I described my experiences when I tried to enlist as an air-warden in the A.R.P. Service, and I suggested that, having enrolled myself in December and having heard nothing more by the middle of March, the organisation of A.R.P. was not yet very far advanced. Whether or not it was this paragraph which galvanised the Home Secretary into action it is not, of course, for me to say, but the fact remains that within a week Sir Samuel Hoare appealed for a million volunteers. This certainly would seem as if the organisation had not yet got very far. This appeal ought surely to have been made several months ago. One cannot expect the Home Office to be quite as spry and up to date as one who contributes to the BYSTANDER, but at least Sir Samuel might have got off the mark, say, in January. Incidentally, owing either to my last week's paragraph, or to the German invasion of Austria, training in air-wardenship in my district is going to begin at last within a fortnight from now.

ON the Vandal front it must be reported that the Government proposes to pull down Whitehall Gardens, one of the largest and most characteristic groups of Georgian houses left in London, and to put up a mammoth block of Government offices. It is a wonderful frame of mind which insists that the whole machinery of government should be jammed together in one narrow area on the very edge of the river, which is the guiding-mark for hostile aircraft. Already the main power-stations for London are on the edge of the river, and the new block of offices will add one more target, thus achieving a double official folly of pulling down something beautiful and replacing it with something to be pushed down.

On the Vandal front also is the proposal to drive a bypass road through the lovely fields and woods of Missenden Abbey.

I AM now convinced of the existence of the mysterious Russian drug which saps men's wills so that they do anything they are told, and like it. It is the only explanation of what happened to me last week. But whereas Yagoda was only drugged into confessing to the murder of Maxim Gorki, I was compelled to attend a Dover Street dress-show. For an hour and a half I sat—the only man in a room which seemed to be about the size of the Salle des Glaces at Versailles and to contain the whole of feminine Mayfair—and looked at ruchings and diamanté insertions and panels of heavily stitched pleats in chenille, or words to that effect. And my well-armed guard, one of our Ogpu, who had administered the drug, refused to allow me to admire the mannequins. Next time give me the firing-squad.

Leaving the Woolsack: Mufti

Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary to the Cabinet, accompanied Lord Hailsham to Buckingham Palace on the latter's relinquishment of the Lord Chancellorship and appointment to the Lord Presidency of the Council. The Great Seal, changed when the occupant of the Woolsack changes, was defaced by the King, and is a perquisite of the retiring Lord Chancellor

Mounting the Woolsack: Robes

Lord Maugham went to the Palace the same day as Lord Hailsham, to receive the Great Seal of his office and kiss hands upon appointment. The new Lord Chancellor of Great Britain is a Cambridge rowing Blue and a Senior Optime in Maths. He was called in 1890, took silk in 1913, went to the Court of Appeal in 1934

Social Register

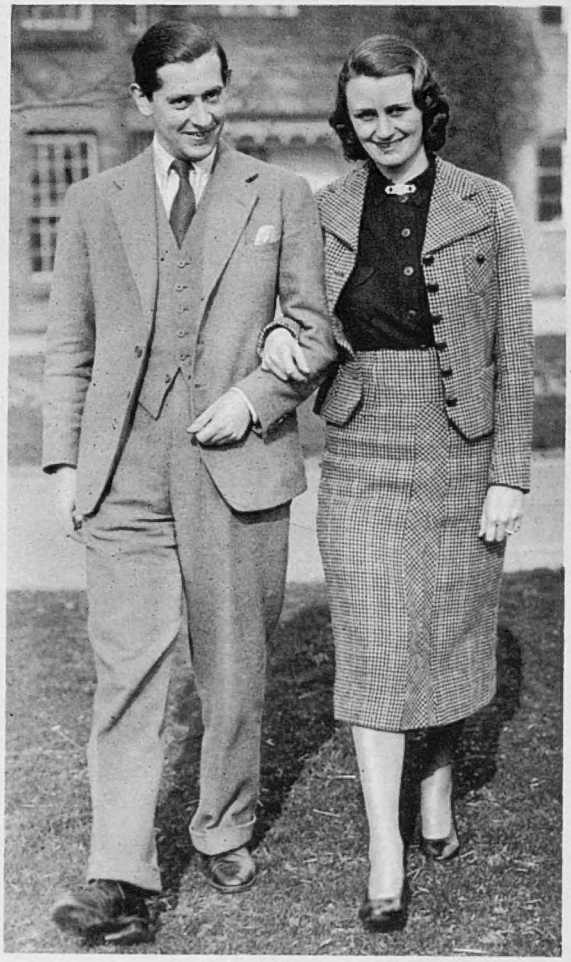
A WEDDING

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Hope Murray and Viscount Devonport

Lord Devonport, of 43, Egerton Crescent, and Peasmarsh Place, Sussex, and Sheila Hope Murray had a quiet wedding at the Chapel of the Savoy. The bride is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hope Murray, of Morishill, Beith, Ayrshire

TWO ENGAGEMENTS



Sir Simon Campbell-Orde and Miss Watts

Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, fifth baronet of Morpeth, Northumberland, and Eleanor Watts, eldest daughter of Colonel Humphrey Watts, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Simon Orde, announced their engagement recently. Miss Watts, whose father lives at Haslington Hall, Cheshire, has designed scenery and dresses for the ballet

The Hon. William Douglas

William Douglas-Home, twenty-three-year-old author-actor son of Lord Home, now playing in "Plan for a Hostess," proposes in it each night to Jacqueline Squire, Mr. Ronald Squire's daughter, also in the play with her father. Off stage, too, he proposed and was accepted. He is the Earl and Countess of Home's third son

Lord and Lady Hambleden had a box at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball at the Albert Hall, where Captain Bruce Ottley paid them a visit. Lord Hambleden is a Governor of the Old Vic, and both he and his wife are great patrons of music and ballet

A CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Denys Lowson and Gay Ann

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson's first-born was christened Gay Ann at the Temple Church. The Master of the Temple officiated, the godparents were the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge, Mrs. Sigismund Goetze, Sir Douglas Hall and Mr. Ian Wilson. Mrs. Lowson was Patricia Macpherson before her marriage last year; she is Lord Strathcarron's younger sister

A BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL

Ivor Novello, Oliver Messel, Dorothy Dickson

These three were among the judges of the fancy dresses at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball, held at the Albert Hall in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund and the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund. In the "historical dress" class Victoria and Albert (right) were first and second; Mrs. Causton is Elizabeth Miller, a première danseuse of the Vic-Wells ballet

ICE HOCKEY FOR CHARITY

ome and Miss Squire

Lord and Lady Hinchingbrooke

Lord and Lady Maidstone and Mrs. Henry Tiarks

The Hinchingbrookes, the Maidstones, and Mrs. Tiarks (Joan Barry that was) were all at the Harringay Racers v. London All Stars match at Harringay, won by the home team, and played in aid of the Caldecott Community for Children

Lady Hambleden, Capt. Ottley, Lord Hambleden

Right: young-marrieds photographed at a cocktail-party were the Hon. Harry McGowan, Lord McGowan's son and heir, and his fair wife, who was Carmen Cory before her wedding last year

The Hon. Harry and Mrs. McGowan

TWO RIVIERA STROLLERS

Albert and Victoria—
Mr. and Mrs. Eric Causton

Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget

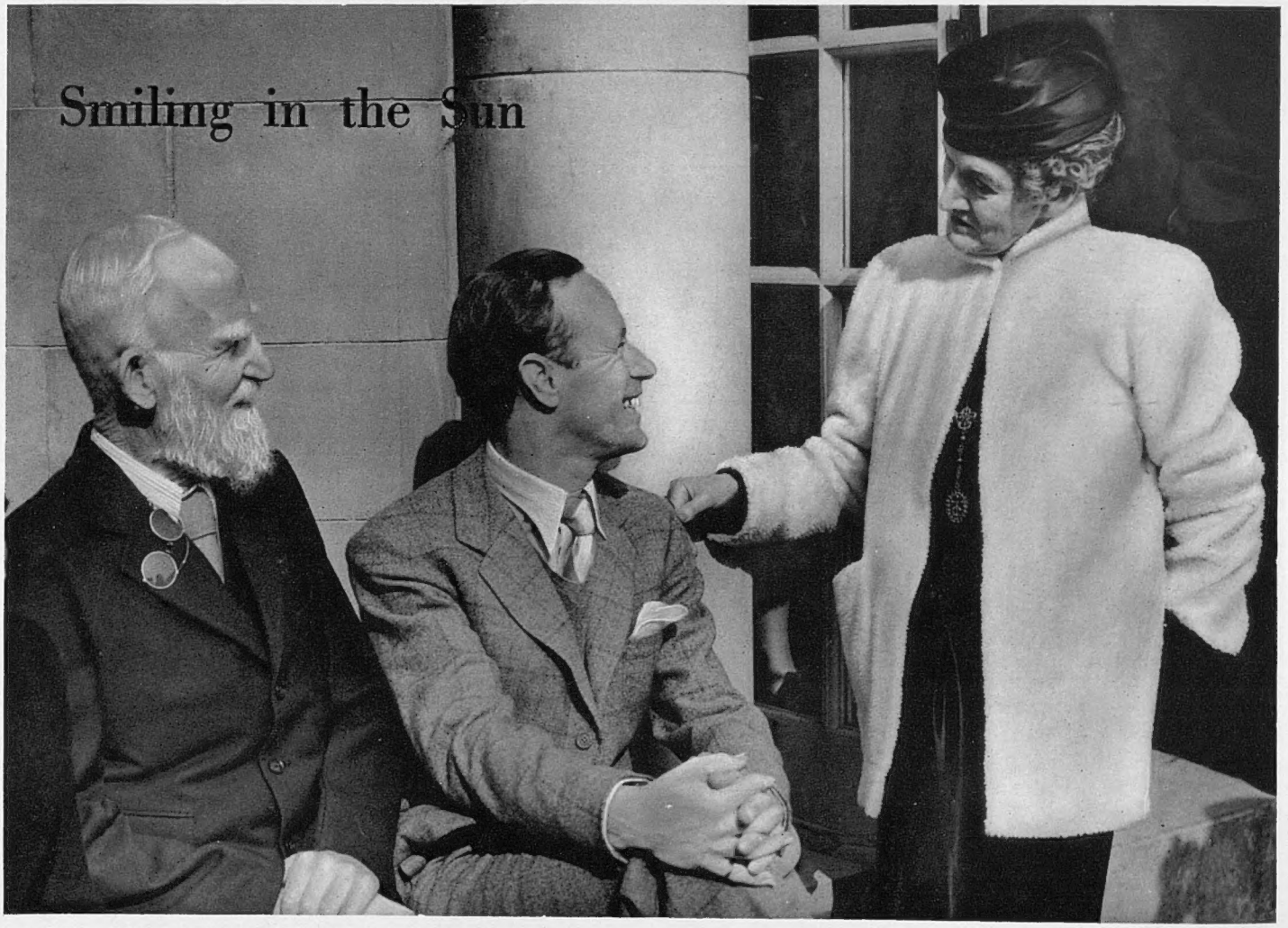
Has also been in Cannes, and so has her husband, staying at Mr. "Bill" Burton's villa at Cannes and breathing the sea air on that American artist's yacht

Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox

Has been staying in Cannes but without her husband, who couldn't get away from London. He is Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod and Secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain

The Kennedy Family *has received a lot of friendly publicity since its head, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, was appointed U.S. Ambassador here. Eleven in all, they are coming over in instalments, the second lot arriving last week. Seen here at the Residence are Edward (6), Robert (12), Patricia (13), Kathleen (18), Mrs. Kennedy and Jeanne (9), up the steps in that order. Two more sons at Harvard, two more daughters at school are to arrive in the vacations*

Smiling in the Sun



A Film of "Pygmalion" *is being made at Pinewood and was the excuse for a luncheon there to inaugurate filming. Pretty pleased with everything on this occasion were Bernard Shaw, Leslie Howard (co-director and Higgins) and Lady Oxford (mother of co-director Anthony Asquith). Wendy Hiller plays Eliza*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 63.

Lord Waleran

WILLIAM ("BILL") GEORGE HOOD WALROND, second Baron Waleran, is one of an increasing number of young peers who are taking their hereditary duties in the House of Lords with real seriousness. He is, in fact, the hon. secretary of the newly-formed House of Lords Roads Group, making his maiden speech the other day in company with his kinsman and colleague, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. And what he doesn't know about road traffic is very little indeed. For Lord Waleran is one of our ace drivers, as he proved in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, by being first there from John o' Groats; being first British entry in the general classification; being first in the light-car section, and finally beating the world's crack drivers in the international competition for braking, accelerating, and driving round pylons at Monte Carlo itself. He also holds the South Australia lap record on the Victor Harbour circuit. No wonder that he and the Duke of Richmond are making a real success of their motor-car sales-rooms in Berkeley Street.

BESIDES, after leaving Eton, he went to Glasgow Technical College, and served his time on the Clyde as a fitter at 10s. a week. For he had theories about being an engineer in a big way until he decided that higher mathematics were too high for him. So he went to Trinity College, Oxford, and read law for a couple of years, until he had a chance of going out as A.D.C. to Sir Charles Fergusson, Governor-General of New Zealand, where he stayed three years and was a great success. (During this period he rode in a number of point-to-points over barbed-wire fences!) Lord Waleran is very much liked in Australia, too, and by a series of fantastic coincidences nearly represented England in one of the Test Matches a year or two ago. For he is a first-class wicket-keep, and when Duckworth and Ames were incapacitated, and there were only ten men available, "Gubby" Allen was just sending him a telegram, when Wade happened to walk in.

Lord Waleran, in fact, is an all-round athlete. True his handicap is 9 at golf, but he could easily get down to scratch. He has an "A" licence. He likes hunting and is a good rifle shot. He sails 14-ft. dinghies with a very considerable degree of skill, and could be a first-class racquets player if he took it seriously. In fact, he is a good example of heredity, for Bradfield, his family seat in Devonshire, was the last country estate to be won by public trial—his ancestor unseating the then owner of Bradfield in the jousting lists of Exeter. His younger brother is evidently a chip of the old block, too, for he was a mate in the Merchant Service a long time before he settled down in his native Devonshire. It was eighteen months ago that Lord Waleran married Miss Betty Carr, the daughter of Sir Emsley of that ilk, and sister of the golf Blue. They have now moved into a house in Onslow Square, with a week-end cottage in the country, where Lord Waleran grills the steaks and fries the fish and roasts the chicken in a most professional manner himself. Yes, he is an all-round cook as well.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

To Mr. Ernest Esdaile, the phonetic expert, who says there are only eighteen vowel-sounds in English, Mr. Shaw (*the* Shaw) wrote recently saying that there are 18,000, all pronounced incorrectly ; adding that " both Oxford and Hoxton call a rose a rowse (rah-ooze) "—which if you ask us is about as like the Oxford pronunciation of " rose " as the heroine of Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan* is like the French saint of the same name. The truth being, God forgive us for these desperate words, that Mr. Shaw knows very little about the way the English (and especially Cockneys) talk, though he has tried to reproduce it phonetically. *E.g.*, the Rowdy Social-Democrat in *Man and Superman*, ages before the celebrated dustman in *Pygmalion* : " Y'down't suppowz we Hinglishmen luts ahrselves be bossed by a bloomin Spenniard, do you ? " " *We Hinglishmen* " ! You 'd stand as much chance of hearing that in the New Cut as you would in New College.

Real Cockney is practically unreproducible in print (there 's a good book on the subject just out, but we 've temporarily mislaid our library-list and can't remember its name), like the speech of the Paris faubourgs. Adenoids, elisions, slurrings, suppressions, and speed all account for this. There aren't any books on the Oxford accent we know of, but almost everybody in England, thanks to the B.B.C., knows that no Oxford man would ever call a rose a rowse ; everybody, that is, but the Old Gentleman from Ulster, who 's been putting his stuff across the poor dumb English so long unchallenged that he seems to think he can get away with anything. Loving and admiring many of his plays (*Saint Joan* excepted, owing to what the late Cunninghame-Graham truly called Shaw's " damned suburban culture "), we think a few more unimpressed critics of the Bainville breed would have done him good. Of *You Never Can Tell*, produced in Paris some years ago, Jacques Bainville said tersely: "This isn't the Exhibition of 1900, it 's the Exhibition of 1878 "—referring to those daring new Shavian cracks which sent all the London critics haywire with reverence and joy.

" Let 's dress up and play strip-poker "

" Look, Freda ! The dead spit of Aunt Fanny ! "

So What ?

" Many minds are out of order from misuse, or lack of use. Why not a fitness plan and diet for the mind ? " asked the *Daily Express* leader-boys the other day, echoing that desperate question we asked of the Circumambient Inane many weeks ago. The boys ought to keep on asking it every day, in thick black print at the top of every column, whereas they 'll have forgotten it by the time this is in print. The Government Fitness Drive isn't exactly sweeping the citizenry off its feet as yet, but the same wet and cockeyed speeches about happiness crop up at intervals. Also the golfing Bishop of London issued a memorable Lenten message the other day, saying it was perfectly sickening to see so many people racketting round, over-eating and over-drinking and turning night into day ; not, apparently, because it 's bad for their spiritual taste, but because it prevents them from keeping fit. So it 's clear that somebody important ought to go on asking that question of ours constantly, and in strident, vulgar tones. Not that anybody will take any notice.

The *Express* boys rightly added that a Mental Fitness plan is a matter for the individual and not the State. All the State could do would be to encourage citizens to exercise their grey matter and learn to think—say by relieving those qualified of a bob or two off their income-tax. For the State would naturally wish to encourage chaps and girls to think clearly and soundly. Like hell the State would.

Courage ! Courage !

There 's nothing like a good cry, in our experience, for which reason we were glad to find our old mentor James (" Boss ") Agate confessing in print the other Sunday that a revival of *Old Heidelberg* (circa 1906) brought the tears rolling down his aged cheeks. It was no surprise to us. Behind that metallic ruthless façade the Boss is a figure of the 1840's, *né romantique*, a creature of quick, tortured sensibility, of melancholy tinged with grandeur, aloof, proud, misunderstood, a Werther without a Charlotte, forever strapped into a symbolic blue frock-coat, dashing dishevelled chestnut locks (imaginary) from a marble forehead (real). We 've never seen him actually crying at a West End first night, but we 've often seen him sunk in dream-haunted despair, chin on breast in his lonely stall.

Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn . . .
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan ?

The other critic boys, who have about as much sensibility between them as an elephant's behind, try awkwardly to rally their much-loved old doyen between the acts with clumsy attentions and coltish Fourth Form attempts at diversion, like inflating paper bags and exploding them, or blowing bubbles in their drinks, or imitating trains ; but they rarely win the palest of smiles from the Boss, a being consumed with Weltschmerz and devoured with wanhope (fine old word). He knows these clods will never understand, and that even those few of his colleagues of high, bleak mental and moral worth and integrity, like Charles Morgan (*Times*) and Lionel Hale (*News Chronicle*) have little sympathy with what seems to them the outmoded weakness of a too-responsive and vibrant nature.

Well, we admire it, crying frequently ourselves, and more frequently and spontaneously as the years roll on. Not only sweet old plays make us cry, but the sight of massive Fitness Girls, the sermons of Archbishop Fry, A. G. Macdonell wearing a buttonhole, all B.B.C. Music Hall Hours, poached eggs, Wednesdays (when *Punch* comes out), anything by Mr. Auden, little actresses, captive birds, and a dozen more regular ineluctable sights.

Home Industry

It was no news to us that most of the British wines which are now being marketed (" on the ground of merit rather than novelty," explained Mr. Gordon Beckles, who has been tasting them by invitation) come from Sussex. The rurals of Sussex are fond of making wine and offering it to strangers and will stand over you while you drink it, moreover, rubbing their hands and watching you closely. Such wines are often quite unforgettable. Squire J. B. (" Beachcomber ") Morton of Henfield, one of the best-known Sussex connoisseurs, has laid down a great deal of fine wurzel wine in recent years, and so have his guests. On the Morton estate all the old Sussex vintage ritual is kept up, with the Hurt-Wurzel Song and the Mangold Dance. By a special treaty between the Squire and the French Government this year his wurzel wine can no longer be called Romanée-Conti. However, most of the Squire's guests readily think up other names for it.

It is a coincidence that South African winegrowers have just made a similar arrangement with France, and will henceforth call their champagne Dry Imperial, Dry Dominion, etc. There was an interesting note on the other South African wines in the Reuter cable reporting this. " Comparatively few were affected [by the former agreement of 1936], for the distributors managed to find names that did not differ by more than a couple of letters from the original French." They thereby lacked, in our estimation, the essential guts of certain Australian winegrowers who astonished the world a few years ago by stoutly asserting that the word " Burgundy " was not a French prerogative because it came from the word " Burgoyne."

Good Night, Sweet Prince

Among the more pleasing of the myriad grotesques, animate and inanimate, which cram the Metropolis of Empire we rate very highly the Prince Consort's equestrian statue at Holborn Circus. The Prince, gallantly sacrificing military to civil etiquette, is doffing his Field-Marshal's hat, presumably to a lady. But he won't do it much longer. He 's been in the way of traffic at this junction for a long time. Now he 's more than ever in the way, and trolley-bus wires are running very close to him. All that prevents his removal is the cost, some £900 — is it possible ? — and the City Corporation and the London Passenger Transport Board are still debating it.

For one thing, we 'll be sorry to lose the Prince. He 's the visible hub of a little area packed tight with London history. A short stone's-throw from him on every side you find Ely Place, with its surviving night-watchman, its exquisite little medieval Gothic church (once the chapel of the Bishops of Ely) of St. Etheldreda, and the offices of the most Society-secret-crammed lawyers in England ; Hatton Garden, which the Tudor Hag gave to the Dancing Chancellor, and which is now packed with jolly jewellers, mostly unwounded ; Shoe Lane, from which the Beaverbrook Boys speak daily urbi et orbi ; Negretti and Zambra's, where the weather comes from ; St. Andrew's, Holborn, which is dim, drab, and Dickensy ; and a few other spots of interest we forget. And in the centre of them prances the Victorian Age which destroyed Old England, bland and triumphant on horseback and doffing its hat, little dreaming that the Millennium it had ushered in would be a dead flop in a hundred years. Yet to us the Holborn Circus Prince Consort seems charged with less satiric interest than the Albert Memorial, where you get the Victorian Age meditating over an open book which the English believe to be the Bible, but which is actually the catalogue of the Great Exhibition, and possibly the ironmongery section at that. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" You and your elephant — now look at my oasis ! "

Films of the Day

A Lucky Dip for Critics

By George Campbell

Is it morbid fancy, or are the film moguls a wee bit odd? One week they offer us only one or two new films, which is apt, one would think, to discourage the public, and certainly discourages at least one critic trying to find something to write about. Last week they unveiled fourteen. This is a new all-time high, and until the dizziness wears off, this department cannot undertake to distinguish between Emlyn Williams' latest murderer and the middle Ritz Brother, the one who also does funny tricks with his eyes; or define positively where Dick Powell leaves off and a curious drumming in the ears begins; or differentiate between a new crooner in Technicolor and a bad case of spots before the eyes.

The pick of the fourteen, for sincerity, is *Bank Holiday*. This modest British picture, which probably cost one-tenth of the £400,000 lavished on *The Goldwyn Follies*, marks the rise of two young people you will soon know better—Carol Reed and Margaret Lockwood. Mr. Reed is the fellow who made *Midshipman Easy* and *Talk of the Devil*. Neither was very good, but at least they showed a fresh intelligence working like yeast amidst the dough of British mediocrity. Now, with *Bank Holiday*, his talent has reached maturity. Given the right stories and a stronger cast, he should go right out for the world market.

Bank Holiday, like everything with which Mr. Ackland is concerned, is primarily a study in frustration. The young clerk who has saved up for months to take his sweetheart away for a secret week-end by the sea; the girl herself, looking for qualities her clerk does not possess, and thinking all the time of the young husband whose wife has just died in the hospital where she works as a nurse; the little provincial beauty-contest winner, anxious to win the proud title of "Miss England"—all are cheated of their hopes. The young man is shallow and exacting; the nurse finds she cannot go through with it and leaves him flat; the girl from Leeds, or wherever it is, falls in love with him, and lets the contest go without a struggle to "Miss Mayfair"—the one unreal touch in the story, seeing that she could easily have had a shot at both.

But it is the treatment that counts, not the story. Mr. Reed is an artist at painting character with a touch; and he knows how to keep even his broadest portraits on the hither side of caricature. The Cockney family, passing a harassed, exhausting, deliriously happy week-end by the sea, all come to life, which is something that doesn't often happen in studies of Cockney humour; the clerk is just l'homme moyen sensuel; and Miss Lockwood's nurse is quite enchanting. Here, at last, is an English girl who is not too intense for comedy or too trivial for drama, who looks distinguished without being aware of it, and who opens her mouth and talks English, instead of mewing like a kitten. She will probably go a long way. To Hollywood, in fact, when her present British contract has expired.

"In Old Chicago" is Hollywood at its spectacular best. Darryl Zanuck has thrown in stars like Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Alice Brady, and a dozen others. He built sets gigantic enough to represent a city, and then sent them up in flames. This alone cost £100,000 (or something incredible). You see whole streets dynamited, and a cattle stampede, and a rush of terror-stricken humanity to Lake Michigan. The whole thing is vast and technically superb, with a pretty turn of wit where wit is needed, and I found it first-rate entertainment.

There is grand stuff, too, in *The Goldwyn Follies*. Sam Goldwyn, too shrewd to rely over-much on the big battalions of sex appeal, has thrown in brilliant ballet, classic music, knock-about by the Ritz Brothers, a crooner whom I disliked intensely, a ventriloquist with the funniest turn of its kind ever seen, and a new discovery by the name of André Leeds. *The Goldwyn Follies* is beautiful and funny and boring, and all very Goldwyn.

"Dead Men Tell No Tales," a British melodrama exploiting the homicidal gifts of Emlyn Williams, depends for its effect on a secret. If you are clever, like me, you will guess it first pop. Everybody I've met so far was clever.

"Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot" moves a trifle ponderously, and if the hero is really typical of the French Intelligence Service, the whole German Army will have no difficulty getting through disguised as can-can dancers. For having made it certain that the spy will return and try to kill him in the night, what does he do? Sit up, with three or four armed men on guard to nab the visitor? Not at all. He goes to bed, and being tired, and having drunk quite a bit to throw dust in the enemy's eyes, if you know what I mean, he goes fast to sleep. The German spy, being also a ninny, tries to gas him instead of using a knife, with the result that at the latter end he is cornered by an underground tank, and blows his silly brains out, and the French (frightfully tactful, as in *La Grande Illusion*) salute the corpse with the equivalent of Mark Antony's "This was a man!"

Margaret Lockwood and John Lodge in "Bank Holiday"

Margaret Lockwood was the big film success of last week; it looks as if in her a new English star is born. Playing opposite her is John Lodge as the clerk to whom she, a young hospital nurse, is engaged. Carol Reed directed the picture, which is reviewed on this page; it has been running at the Gaumont, Haymarket

Underworld for Soldiers

Captain Bruchot, a brilliant French officer and ex-secret service man, has ruined his career by marrying a young German girl. One night the C.O. and his adjutant are discovered murdered in the underground fortifications (below); next day Bruchot finds his wife in possession of the gun that killed them (left: Vera Korene and Victor Francen). This is the plot of *Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot*. It is an exciting spy-tale, in fact, but its significance lies in the fact that, sanctioned by the French War Ministry, aided by troops, the producer (Félix Gandera) has given the world a glimpse of routine and interiors on France's 200-mile line of secret fortifications. The penalty for free-lance photography or sketching in this neighbourhood is imprisonment for life in a fortress. The film started its run at the Academy on the day German troops crossed into Austria

Dirty Work at the Cross Roads: the Double Crime Comes to Light

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Plan for a Hostess" (St. Martin's)

THIS is the story of a woman who wanted £2000, and of what she did to get it. Which may set you asking yourself what you would do for a similar sum and telling yourself that it would all depend. If, for example, you wanted £2000 to save the life of an only daughter, you might go to the length of stealing the money. If, however, you wanted £2000 merely in order that you might launch that only daughter in good style on her first London Season, possibly you would be unwilling to go so far.

But how far *would* you go? It is conceivable that you would begin, like Germaine, by asking your husband for the money. But when refused, is it conceivable that you would behave as Germaine behaved? To which the answer of Mr. Thomas Browne, the author, may well be that he is not writing about you. He is writing about Germaine.

THERE was another woman, Griselda, who earned her living as a society columnist. In this capacity, she visited Germaine just after Germaine's husband had refused to stump up, and in the twinkling of an eye Germaine perceived that her husband and Griselda were not meeting for the first time. In days gone by they had, in fact, had a very definite affaire. Some wives, making similar discoveries, have been known to exhibit signs of jealousy. Not so Germaine. Here was her big chance. Obviously, her husband was still attracted. If she could get these two to go away for a secret week-end, and if she could extract the hotel-bill from her husband's pocket on his return, then what a threat to hold over his head! Divorce or £2000 damages! Such is social ambition.

YOU will now agree that the author would be accurate in protesting that he is writing not about you but about Germaine. For if you, like Germaine, were fond of your husband, would you fling him into another woman's arms in order that your daughter might make sure of Cowes and Goodwood? Would you not hesitate, lest, threatened with divorce, he might, in the throes of his new passion, jump at the opportunity? Moreover, would you, like Germaine, be so foolish as to assume that when husbands spend nights in hotels with other women, they bring the hotel bills back to the homes of their wives? As a matter of fact, Germaine's assumption in this case is correct, but that is only because the author himself has no great affection for the major probabilities.

Sketches by Rouson

Nasty man has the lady in his power: Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire

Loose liver and gossip writer: Adrianne Allen

NEVERTHELESS, he has a taste for wit, and a gift for it too. We look forward to a play from his pen in which the psychology is a little less preposterously founded. And in the meantime, we welcome the reunion of Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Ronald Squire, whose art is now so familiar that we yearn for the pleasure of seeing them for the first time, and pray that the day may be long delayed when we shall see them for the last. Miss Adrianne Allen as the society columnist gives one of her hard, competent performances. There are amusing performances by Miss Jacqueline Squire and Mr. Douglas Home as a couple of young things who combine complete disillusionment with an equally complete lack of experience. Some critics have complained of this comedy as unpleasant. But if Mr. Browne's soufflé is made with bad eggs, you don't taste them.

John Everard

Fritzi Massary and Noel Coward

Noel Coward met Fritzi Massary in Austria last year and persuaded her to come and make her London debut in *Operette*. Five years ago she was the most popular star in Vienna and Berlin; then her husband was killed in an air crash, she fell seriously ill and thought she had done with the stage. Her return is a brilliant success for herself, and for London it is a delightful experience to make the acquaintance of her personality, artistry and wit. She is half-Czech, half-Hungarian, was born in Vienna, and made her debut in Linz. Pictures of *Operette* are on the next two pages

"Operette"

Written, Composed and Produced by Noel Coward

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

"The Stately Homes of England"

(Hugh French, Ross Landon, John Gatrell, Kenneth Carten)

Below: a scene from "The Model Maid," the musical comedy inside "Operette"

Countess Mitzi (Fritzi Massary) and Her Adorers

After a most strenuous try-out in Manchester with rehearsals every day as well as performances, *Operette*, finished and polished and sparkling, started its run at His Majesty's last Wednesday. Noel Coward has followed his own *Bitter Sweet* recipe to a large extent, and engaged in Peggy Wood the same heroine. She is a chorus girl loved by a young sprig of nobility (Griffith Jones), and the show she is in, *The Model Maid*, gives *Operette* some of its scenes. Fritzi Massary as the star of *The Model Maid* and Irene Vanbrugh as the young sprig's Countess mother have important parts. Gladys Calthrop designed all the scenery and three hundred dresses in the fashions of 1906, the Edwardian heyday in which the story is set

Nigel Vaynham reprimands his brother for getting entangled with a chorus girl (Griffith Jones and Peter Vokes)

But Vaynham himself gets so deeply entangled with a chorus girl that he wants to marry her. Here they are (Griffith Jones and Peggy Wood) in a private room at Romano's

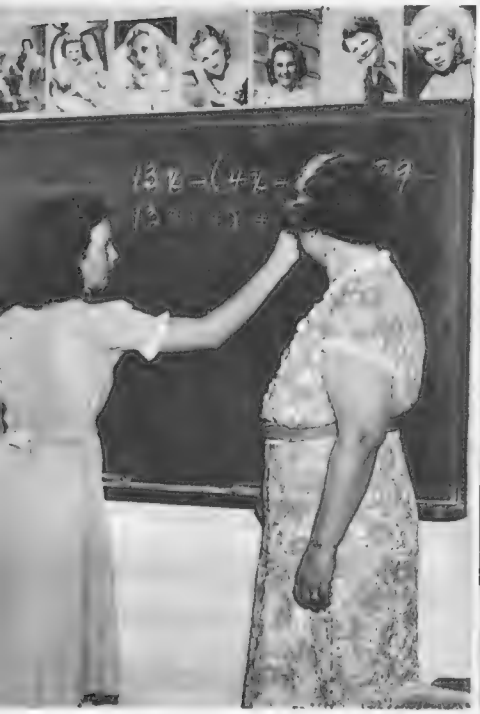
Below: The Young Man's Mother and the Chorus Girl (Irene Vanbrugh and Peggy Wood)

Morning Air. *Before breakfast, with bathing-dress on beneath her shirt and shorts, she makes for the pool with a mongrel friend called Tippy*

A Film Star's Day

Deanna Durbin at Home, School and Studio

Morning Water. *You may have noticed what a neat little swimmer she was in "Three Smart Girls"; since then she's had eighteen months to improve*



School. *Taking out brackets from Miss Mary West's algebra problem in the studio school is not such fun as filming*

Book Before Bed. *Any time she can call her own is a joy. It's not eleven o'clock yet, so why not finish the chapter in Anatole France's "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard"? (It wouldn't make a bad film for her, when you come to think of it)*

***Work Begins** with a fight with the fans when she reaches the door of the studios: twelve autographs in three minutes — it's tiring*

***The Studios.** Of course she goes by car to her job (big picture below) for no American — much less a film star — ever walks. Arrived there, she discusses the day's work with director Henry Koster (above)*

Plump, fresh and sun-burned, with a carefully trained adolescent voice, Deanna Durbin was judged ripe for stardom when she was thirteen. *Three Smart Girls* was the film they put her in, and when its receipts and critiques proved that the public, too, judged her ripe for stardom, Universal Artists went ahead with a sure-fire programme. *100 Men and a Girl* finished a record run at the Leicester Square last month, *Mad About Music* starts there on Friday. These pictures were taken while the last was in production. Meanwhile, she's making more as fast as possible, sandwiching in singing lessons, exercise and school when she can. She is now fifteen

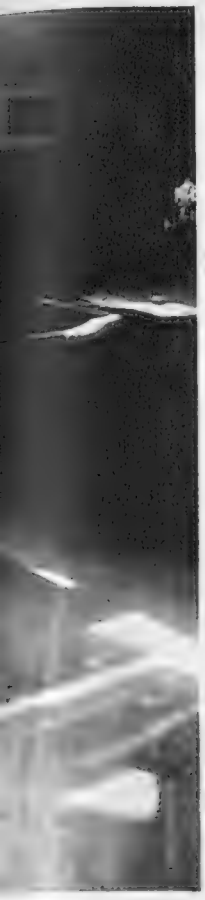
***Shoe Review.** While the maid takes off the coverlet she chooses her footwear for the morrow*

After the "barre" and the exercises comes what the ordinary person recognises as dancing. Generally the movements are solo ones, but sometimes the class may work as a group

"Arabesque"—another study of the group dance during a classical lesson

When the class is shown a new enchaînement, they watch, copy the steps tentatively, or mark them in the dancer's strange language of the hands

The end of the class—"porte des bras," an exercise that appears in various forms in every classical lesson



Four of the pupils dressed and ready to rehearse a Russian dance: two are English, one is Russian, and one is South African

The Russian dance of the four peasant girls in rehearsal in front of the mirrors

Dancers in the Making

Action Pictures of a Ballet Class

These studies of a ballet class in progress were taken in the studio in Chelsea of Igor Schwezoff, the Russian choregrapher and dancer, who has been teaching in London since last year. He himself was trained in the Maryinsky School in Leningrad shortly after the Revolution and worked for the Soviet State Ballet in various parts of Russia until 1930, as dancer, maître de ballet and choregrapher. He decided to leave Russia during an engagement in Vladivostok, crossed the frontier into China on foot and so came round to Europe. Since then he has worked with Fokine in Buenos Aires, with Nijinska at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and in Holland where he had his own company and school

Photographs by Cyril Arapoff

The final stage of the group dance; the positions of the dancers are being corrected

After the lesson is over, the dancers sit or stand or lie for a minute or two before they go and change

Personalities (Press Service)

Mrs. Humbert Wolfe and Her Portraits of Her Husband

One day Mrs. Humbert Wolfe sat opposite her poet-Civil Servant husband in their flat, writing a poem of her own. Inspiration failing, she started to "doodle," and the doodle turned into a picture of Mr. Wolfe. He liked it, but she put it away in a book and forgot it until Albert Rutherston took down the book, saw the drawing, and told Mrs. Wolfe she must try again. She did, innumerable times: three of her portraits are in this photograph, as well as one of the family cat. She studies at the Slade now and has won prizes there, and takes her career as an artist seriously, though she still hasn't satisfied herself with any of her pictures of her husband. She is Scotch, from Edinburgh; he is Deputy Secretary to the Ministry of Labour in his non-literary hours; they have one daughter

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Man into Robot

By Alan Thomas

HERE is a grim book—*Lifer*, by Jim Phelan (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*). The author, we are told, has recently served a sentence of fourteen years in his Majesty's prisons. This book, however, is not an autobiography: it is cast in the form of a novel, and its object is to warn us "of the grave dangers we run in allowing our social services to become mechanised. The person *becomes* a machine. We place a man in one end, turn the wheels, and eject a mummy at the other." There is not the same literary quality about *Lifer* as there was, for instance, about Mark Benney's *Low Company*. In fact, one is here and there tempted to skip. But what *is* impressive is the way the author manages to convey the gradual devitalisation or mummification of his convict hero. He starts off a decent sort of chap who quickly gives the go-by to the more undesirable elements in the prison and gets on good terms with the big fellas, the chaps that stand by one another and are O.K. And then gradually the numbing process sets in. The warder's commands start ringing even in the reader's ears. "Ecksize. Grey frecksize. Chiboo tson frecksize." And later on we get this sort of thing, descriptive of the way that thoughts and scraps of conversation are going round and round in the convict's mind—the convict being Mansell No. 1073. "The jail got you, but it hadn't got 10 bleeding 7 bleeding 3 Mansell yet *ho* no, always fetched home the big money from the Dillie, Cardiff Minnie slish slash, lovely little pretty painted face red lips red hips and lips no, no, no Nanette, awake for morning in the bowl of night has cast the stone that puts the stars to flight and lo the hunter of the east has caught the Sultan's hips and lips, shuffle and creep, shuffle and creep shuffle, two o'clock that is, old sour-stinky Dusky why doesn't his wife wash her hips and lips." A life sentence may destroy a man's prospects, but it should not be allowed to destroy his personality.

FOR a character-study merging into an inverted detective-story (that is, where the reader knows who committed the crime and the detective doesn't), I can recommend *The Praying Mantis*, by Edgar Johnson (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The female mantis is an insect which, after the nuptials have been celebrated, devours the male: and the same goes, allegorically speaking, for the horrid heroine of this story. Arline is a highly sophisticated, calculating woman, married to Dan, a man of whom she has grown tired, and who, in her view, seems to be poisoning the atmosphere all around her. Actually the shoe is very much on the other foot: in fact, I don't remember to have read in years of a more unpleasant creature than this Arline. She sets everyone by the ears—her husband, her son, his fiancée, and not least the hot little blonde who is desperately in love with Dan. In the first part of the book we get some excellent descriptions of the growing tension in the atmosphere, of the plots and counterplots contrived in the best Iago tradition. And then the balloon goes up. Arline explodes and Dan is murdered. In the subsequent inquiry, the reader, being in the know, can check up on every stage of the detective work. The book is a little over-written in places, and is a bit slow in getting off the mark. But the compensation comes in an admirably exciting finish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hemingway

Perhaps Hemingway's return from Spain, where he made a war film with Joris Ivens, means that the war is nearly over; perhaps it means it will never finish. He was photographed on his way to his American home, Key West, during a stop-off at Nassau

THOSE who know anything of Christopher Morley's work won't need to be told that he is both a scholar and a wit, and that his middle name 's "originality." Yet even so his last book beats all records. In *The Trojan Horse* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Morley tells the story of Troilus and Cressida, using pretty well every literary medium that exists, from tragic poetry to the latest American journalese, and, in the interests of a modern setting, playing Old Harry with all time and circumstance. The result is a third humorous, a third satiric and a third high tragedy, genuinely moving. The most consistently entertaining feature is the never-tiring, even enthusiastic voice of Radio Ilium with his "'Morning, everybody. This is the Radio Voice of the *Evening Trojan*, always first in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. Folks, while you 're all enjoying your morning coffee I 've been down here watching the big doings at the East Gate. . . ." But I shall have conveyed a wrong impression if you imagine the book is no more than a skit. The story is of the past: but as a parable it has its application to the present.

A TRAVEL-BOOK of more than usual interest is Fred Blakeley's *Hard Liberty* (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It tells how the author and two friends travelled through the interior of Australia on push-bikes. After spending some years working their claims in the opal-fields, the three companions felt "the call of the North," and on June 5th, 1908, they set out from Broken Hill and made for Port Darwin—a distance of two thousand two hundred miles. The journey took them just over two months, and the story of their adventures (native tribes, crocodiles, haunted houses and so on) makes entertaining reading. A special word must be added for Jethro, the dog who accompanied them. His mother was a half-bred cattle-dog crossed by a dingo, and his father was a full-blooded yellow sheep-killer. To this day he is the only dog to have crossed Australia unassisted — barring, that is, his great forerunner, Yellow Dog-Dingo, who I seem to remember tried to catch the Kangaroo "all across Australia." But that, O Best-Beloved, was only a story.

MR. WEBB MILLER'S statement that *Men are So Friendly*, by Nancy Swift (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is "the wittiest and funniest book of its kind since *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" is certainly some recommendation. All the same, I 'm afraid I disagree. Or it may be that American sense of humour is different. The book is a kind of travel diary of two American sisters — one, it is said, writes articles for the Hearst newspapers— who go on a world tour via London (where they spend about twenty-four hours), Paris (where they stay over a couple of days), Italy, Egypt, India and so to the Far East. The travellers, who pass most of their time in search of masculine society on "a-good-time-but-no-goings-on" basis, seem to be invariably disappointed. Speaking as a man, I can only say that I wasn't surprised. On reaching home, the author tells us that no one cared to hear about her travels. It seems a pity in that case that she should ever have troubled to write a book about them.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 131

The Birthday Party

By E. H. Clements

Illustration by Clark Fay

EVERYBODY else called her "Keggy" or "Kegs" or sometimes "Bumble," but mostly just "Darling." One always did. She could not think of anyone who called her "Miss Fountain," as if she were a secretary or a schoolmistress. Only reporters did that, with a sort of bold politeness. "Miss Fountain" was not the same as Keggy, but someone whom she had never been—perhaps the person she might have been.

You were never introduced to people. Since you were "Keggy," they became "Piggy" or "Guts," or just Eric and Bartholomew. You put up a face to be kissed as automatically as their eyes wandered to the shaker. Rupert always had the shaker. It was a sort of adjunct to him—he looked like a man with an accordion, or perhaps a monkey. He should have gone into ballet, with that rhythm. It would have suited him.

Peter Mansel had a hat and an overcoat and an umbrella. They had to be put somewhere when he arrived—he didn't just fling them into corners or stroll into your bedroom. He held out his hand and it was cool and dry when you took it in yours. He said: "How do you do, Miss Fountain? It 's awfully good of you to ask me to come and see you."

When drinks were thrust on him from every side he took two as if he did not realise what he was doing, and, giving one to Keggy, he continued to talk while the chatter of the others grew muffled and remote.

He seemed as at home in the flat as Eric, who always sat cross-legged on the piano eating spring onions and making quick little pencil sketches.

Peter Mansel liked looking at her photographs. He said: "That 's a splendid likeness" of the study Eric had posed last year in Dubrovnik against the struck-by-lightning tree. Eric, overhearing, squinted horribly and said: "Oh, God!" He stopped eating spring onions he was so gloomy.

Peter had not even heard of Bartholomew Holt. That was terrible and tragic—for Bartholomew. There was a sort of hush. People got more and more polite.

Virginia Crisp tried to vamp him, but he didn't know it. He was very interested to learn that she was a sculptor's model. When he looked at her you saw that he translated her into marble or stone or clay and set her on a mantelpiece.

Keggy said: "Oh, for God's sake, talk! You 'd think it was my funeral, not my birthday!"

Peter said, very seriously: "I wish I 'd known. Oh, I wish I 'd known!"

Keggy said: "It doesn't matter." Virginia was laughing as if she might be ill.

Keggy said: "I 'm twenty-six, twenty-six," and he said: "Then I 'm ten years older than you."

She thought, "I bet I 'm ten thousand centuries older. But I wonder how he got those little lines round his eyes?"

He said: "Who 's the man in that photograph—the one in uniform?" She said: "My husband. He was killed in an air-crash."

He looked so horrified and sorry that she felt sorry, too, for the first time. She said: "He drank. You can't if you fly."

Martin called out: "This party 's gone lousy! Why doesn't someone sing or dance or something?"

Everyone said: "Yes. Let 's sing or dance or something," but nobody did. So she had to sweep Eric off the piano and sit down herself.

Peter said: "I 'll turn over for you." She said: "Thank you, Mr. Mansel,

(Concluded on page 468)

"Go away—go home. You're spoiling my party

Anthony

Prince George Chavchavadze—Pianist

Prince George Chavchavadze is one of the most interesting of the younger pianists now making their names. He was a pupil of Mabel Lander who represents the Lesehetitzky School in London, and took up his profession seriously in 1926. During the last year he has been abroad, giving recitals, and studying with Egon Petri, a fine teacher as he is a fine pianist, and himself a pupil of Busoni. Last Wednesday George Chavchavadze gave his first recital since his return, playing a Brahms-Chopin programme at the Wigmore Hall. He is the second son of Prince Alexander Chavchavadze, of Tzinandali, Georgia, and Princess Marie Troubetzkoy. His elder brother, Prince Paul, married in 1924 Princess Nina of Russia, daughter of Grand Duke George of Russia and Princess Marie of Greece

The Birthday Party *(Continued from page 466)*

but I haven't got any music. I just vamp."

She hadn't any voice really, only the throaty monotone that passed in those days. She sang one song — the one Bartholomew wrote the words of, but it fell flat. Bartholomew looked as if he wanted to be sick.

Peter looked at her as if she were grand opera. He said: "Thank you" when she had finished.

She was really angry, the party was so dumb. She said: "Someone else play or sing or dance, for God's sake!"

But no one moved, so Peter said: "I will, if you like."

As he sat down at the piano she heard them laying bets on what he would play. Martin said "Moonlight Sonata"; Virginia said "Gilbert and Sullivan"; Eric said "Rachmaninoff's Prelude."

But it was something that none of them knew—thin and clean, like water. They didn't know if it was good or bad, so they couldn't say anything.

He looked at her when he had finished and she said: "Thank you very much, Mr. Mansel. That was marvellous." She heard Martin laugh and saw Eric throw his smallest spring onion into the works of the piano—he was a grand shot when he was sober. Rupert was drinking a lot in a corner of the room.

She thought, "Oh, why can't they go home? Why must they stay for hours and hours? Why can't they leave me alone with Peter? Why did he come to-night of all nights?"

She beckoned to Eric and said: "You 've got to dance, all of you. What do you think I gave this party for?"

Eric said: "God knows!", but he began to push the grand piano savagely away from the centre of the room. It left Peter sitting on the stool marooned with his hands on his knees. He sat there as if he did not realise how foolish he was looking, sitting there. His eyes were on Keggy. He said softly, so that no one else heard: "You 're sad. Why are you sad?"

She said: "Because you 've spoilt my party."

He stood up, and she thought that she had never seen anyone look so hurt.

He said: "What do you want me to do?"

She answered without looking at him: "Go away—go home. You 're spoiling my party."

She saw he was very pale. He said: "I 'm sorry, Miss Fountain. I didn't understand. These are your friends—I shouldn't have come to-night—on your birthday—when your friends want to have you to themselves—I 'm sorry."

She said: "It doesn't matter—oh, it doesn't matter!"

He began to look for his hat and coat and his umbrella. Martin had put them in the kitchenette. When he put on his overcoat and stood, hatless, waiting to say goodbye, she thought how dear he was, like the time she had first seen him. His hair was nice, his face, his overcoat.

He said: "I must fly. Thanks awfully, Miss Fountain. It was awfully good of you to ask me—awfully good of you——"

She said: "Oh, must you go? But you 've only just come! What have I been saying? Have I been drinking too much? Must you go? Oh, so pleased you were able to look in."

He said "Goodbye," and then the door shut.

Inside the room the murmur of voices that had been muffled and remote broke out like a storm. Their familiar voices lashed her with their familiar words. Rupert was at the piano, playing that thing they all liked. Virginia was entwined with Martin, dancing. She thought, "These are my friends."

Eric went back to the piano and sat cross-legged again. He said: "Oh, thank God! Thank God! Here is a sketch I made of him. He had such a lovely tie! He was such a gentleman!" He held it above his head.

Keggy said: "Darling, your work 's going off. It 's dreadful, it 's cheap."

He said: "I was going to give it to you, signed. For a birthday present."

She said: "God, what a present!", and took it and threw it behind the piano. Then they danced, and danced again.

When they had gone there was only the empty room with the piano pushed into the corner and the empty glasses and the cigarette-ends. Keggy knelt down on the floor and picked up Eric's sketch. She smoothed it out and looked at it for a long time. She said: "Oh, my darling! It was such a happy birthday!"

When she was in bed she cried. She had not cried for years.

THE END.

The Busy Riviera

Honeymoon Couple

Striped Flannel Suits are Almost Compulsory

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Onslow Fane chose Cannes for part of their honeymoon. She is American-born, was Mrs. McGuffie, of Chicago, before her recent marriage

The three young men above are Mr. Carl Miesegaes, Mr. Edward Williams-Wynn, who is in the Welsh Guards, and Lord Aylesford. The last-named succeeded his grandfather in 1924, owns a good deal of property around Coventry, and is a bachelor

English-French Debutante

Miss Jacqueline Taylor is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. John Taylor, the British Consul at Cannes, and the prettiest debutante in the place. Her mother is French

English Young-Married

Mrs. Reggie Hughes-Onslow sat sunning herself on the Croisette sea-wall. She was Daphne Brudenell-Bruce, and now lives at Balkissock in Ayrshire

French Young-Married

Mme. André Strauss arrived in Cannes on crutches—result of skiing. She was Aline de Gunzbourg, the French golf champion

Some People Who Chased the Sun to Cannes

Looking into the Future

Miss Nell St. John-Montagu, society's favourite clairvoyante, has been staying with Elizabeth Lady Boynton at her Cannes villa

Looking as Pleased as Punch

Mr. Stanley Lupino takes his Dubonnet before lunch with great contentment. He is on holiday before co-starring with Frances Day in a film called "Hold My Hand"

Looking Like Golf

Lady Headfort, who has been staying with Miss Maxine Elliot, was going to play golf at Mougins, Cannes' so-very-exclusive country club

The Lilley Brook course was laid out in 1922 and its plans (made by Dr. Mackenzie) are therefore in accordance with modern ideas. Nine holes are on the flat, finishing at the club-house; the other nine are up one side of the Cotswolds, affording exercise and views. The course is two miles out of Cheltenham

Golf Clubs at Home

Lilley Brook, Cheltenham

(1) H. V. Haddon (hon. secretary). (2) The Rev. D. J. McHugh, O.B.E. (3) The Rev. J. A. Jacoughlin. (4) H. Ruffell Gibbons, M.C. (hon. treasurer). (5) Captain R. C. B. Stuart. (6) J. H. Peebles and S. G. Wood (president). (7) G. S. Kearns, S. G. Hawksford (committee member) and Captain W. S. Wise. (8) F. Bannister (professional), L. Steel, G. Fisher, H. S. Freegard, H. Freegard. (9) A view of the seventeenth green

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Lecture by Percy Alliss

At the beginning of the month I attended a lecture at the Grand Hotel, Sheffield, on "The Playing of the Game of Golf," given by Percy Alliss, who was assisted by J. Ballantine, the professional of the Moortown Golf Club, where the English Championship is to be played at the end of next month. As a boy, Alliss learned much of his golf at the Hallamshire Golf Club, which can nowadays be reached in fifteen minutes by motor-bus from the centre of the town of Sheffield.

I must admit that at the beginning of this lecture I felt that I was going to be very bored, but after a few minutes I was glad that I was present, was greatly interested in what Alliss had to say, and also impressed by the clear way in which he demonstrated his various points.

In many cases, he did not dictate that you must do this or that you must do that, but told his audience both how he does it himself and the various other ways of doing it, which are, although different from his own method, quite sound.

He started his lecture by demonstrating his own grip. The first point which he made was that the thumb of the left hand must be close to the forefinger; in other words, he does not approve of what is generally known as the "V" grip for the left hand. When Alliss grips a club, two knuckles of the left hand are visible; his right hand is then placed on the left, with the fleshy part of the right thumb over the thumb of the left hand and with the little finger of the right hand resting on the forefinger of the left hand. In short, Alliss employs the Vardon grip, with the left hand showing two knuckles.

He also mentioned the various other grips, and told us that the main function of the grip is to enable the player to use the muscles of his right forearm in such a way that he can hit the ball in the easiest and most natural manner with the forearm. He said that various players get satisfactory results by using various grips, and that although the grip which he had demonstrated was the best grip for himself, it did not by any means follow that it was the best grip for everyone. Tolley, he told us, does not overlap at all, while Cotton has the thumbs of both hands well over the top of the shaft. To use the grip employed by Cotton, Alliss says one must be very strong, and there is no doubt that Cotton, who has done everything possible to develop muscles which are used in the golf swing, is a very strong man. He also mentioned that Alfred Perry grips the club with the right hand well under the shaft. Every golfer knows that Cotton, Tolley and Perry get very good results, but I doubt if they know the great differences in their grips.

Alliss holds the opinion that the left hand guides the club and that the right hand applies the power. At one time it was generally taught that the right hand should be kept out of the shot as much as possible, and coaches were always saying "don't hit with the right hand, let the left hand do the work."

The first book I read in which it was laid down emphatically that one must hit with the right hand was a book written by Francis Ouimet, whom I am sure all his friends and acquaintances will be delighted to see over here again this year as captain of the American Walker Cup Team.

That Alliss and Ouimet are right in advocating the use of the right arm for hitting the ball, there is little doubt. If you do not believe them, try hitting the ball with the left hand alone and then with the right hand alone. With the left hand alone, you get a very good easy swing, but you play a floppy sort of shot, with no punch and with little or no spin on the ball. To get punch and to stop the ball quickly, you must hit with the right hand and forearm.

Alliss said that you should take up your stance with the right foot slightly in advance of the left and with the ball inside the left heel and equidistant from the right and left toes. How far the ball should be inside the left foot varies; Alliss recommends that the ball should be about two inches inside the left heel, but points out that some players get the best results in their own individual cases with the ball a little further forward, and others with the ball a little further back. If you take up the stance which Alliss advocates, you will find that the left shoulder is slightly up and that the right shoulder is slightly down, consequently you have not got to think about getting your shoulders into this position, which has been proved, without question, to be correct.

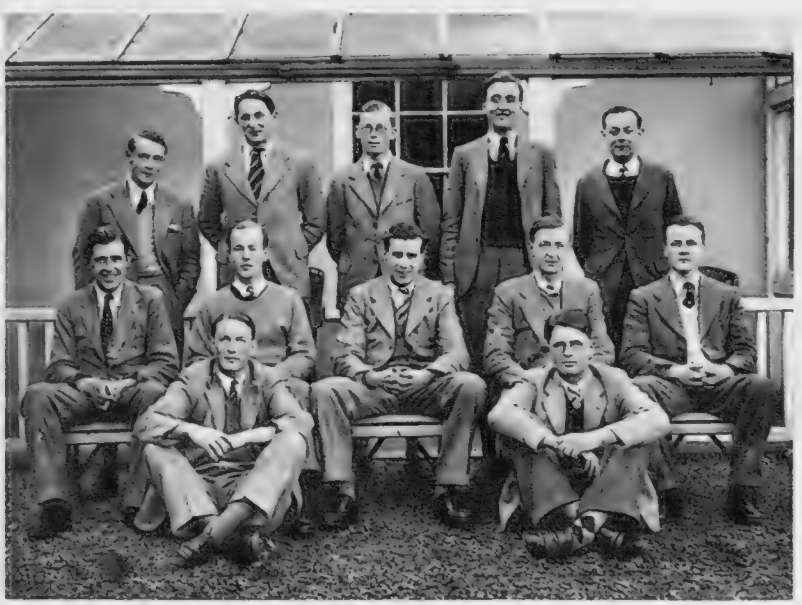
If you have ever had a golf lesson, you will certainly have been told to push the hands forward a shade before taking the club back. There are various ways of doing this; some recommend that the hands should be pushed forward by bending the right knee, others that they should be got into this position by simply pushing them forward, but Alliss says that the easiest way to get the hands into this position is by slightly lowering the right side.

He also advises you very strongly not to take up your stance with your weight on your heels, but on the pads of the feet. Good balance cannot be obtained with the weight on the heels, and this position is a difficult one from which to start moving the club backwards. You have never seen soldiers on parade standing on their heels.

During the address, Alliss warns you against getting stuck, and says that you must keep moving the whole time and points out that this is impossible if your weight is on your heels.

I have only got sufficient space at my disposal to bring you to the start of the swing, but at golf, like many other things, a good start is half the battle.

Oxford's team at Westward Ho! this week is (standing) W. H. Gibson (Trinity), T. C. Harvey (Balliol), S. Pether (St. Peter's Hall), C. S. Gardner (Trinity), R. C. Twining (Christ Church), P. K. Entwistle (Exeter); (sitting) F. D. Physick (Corpus), J. C. Lawrie (B.N.C.), K. B. Scott (Trinity, captain), C. B. Walker (Corpus), P. G. Foster (Christ Church); (on ground) R. C. M. Kimpton (B.N.C.), D. H. Garrow (Trinity)



Cambridge's team at Westward Ho! is T. R. MacGregor (Clare), R. B. How (Trinity), R. O. Booth (Pembroke), W. S. J. Whitelaw (Trinity), G. N. Casson (St. John's); (sitting) T. S. Winton (Downing), J. D. A. Langley (Trinity), G. G. D. Carter (Trinity, captain), J. W. D. Goodban (Christ's), S. G. Dalley (Emmanuel), W. H. Halstead (Emmanuel), E. S. Browne (Clare)

For Fox or Winning-Post

Cabinet Minister

Earl Winterton was out with the Quorn just before his appointment to the Cabinet, to the Air Council, and to responsibility for Service aviation questions in the House of Commons

Socialite

Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways was also out hunting with the Quorn at Hungarton. She is the Earl of Ilchester's younger daughter

Waiting for the Quorn to Move Off

Lord Fortescue and the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson stood in the March summer sunshine at Great Dalby. Miss Meysey-Thompson is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester

Waiting for the Next Race

Mr. Jack Profumo and Mrs. "Sandy" Cameron (whose son was christened recently) were at Nash, near Windsor, where the Whaddon Chase held their point-to-point

Two by Two: a Couple of Earls—

The Earl of Macduff and the Earl of Rosebery were in the Whaddon Chase point-to-point enclosure, the former as a jockey (but he didn't win his race), the latter as Joint-Master of the Whaddon Chase, which he has been since 1923

—A Couple of Industrialists

The Earl of Dudley and Lord Barnby were hunting with the Quorn. Lord Dudley is iron and steel (ex-President, Iron and Steel Federation), Lord Barnby is wool (ex-President, F.B.I.)

—A Couple of Pork-Pie Hats

Miss Susan Meyrick and her mother, Lady Meyrick (wife of Sir Thomas Meyrick), were at the 2nd Cavalry Brigade meeting on Salisbury Plain

Typical tailoring of the classic type for a raglan-cut showerproof weathercoat. Scotch tweed in navy/white, tan/white, brown/white, or black/white, with contrasting overcheck. 8 Gns.

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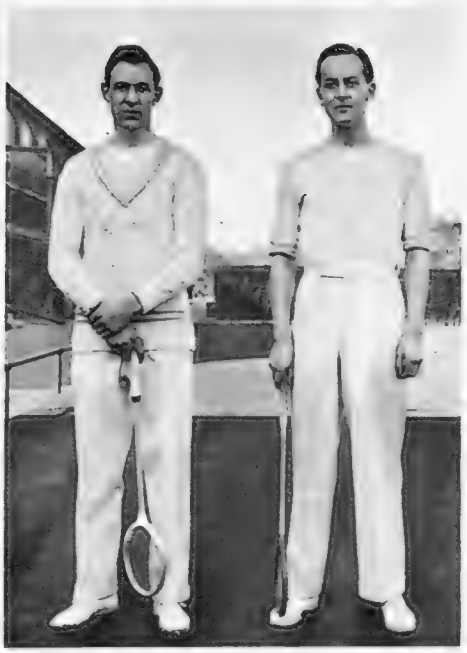
Howard Marshall on Sport

Oxford Won

Peter Kershaw (Rugby and Worcester) and Peter Whitehouse (Marlborough and New College) won the rackets match for Oxford. The former is a double Blue, the latter a triple Blue, and they are both now playing in the amateur championships



Cambridge Lost

The Light Blue representatives lost each single and the double in the University rackets match. They were J. R. Thompson (Tonbridge and St. John's) and M. B. Baring (Eton and Magdalene). Baring also plays squash rackets for Cambridge

EUROPE may threaten to go up in flames, but in this country the Drake tradition persists. We finish our game of bowls or what have you, and then consider the latest capers of the German Army.

I went down to Swansea for the match between Wales and Ireland on the very day that the German troops were pouring across the Austrian border. Not one word did I hear, in the train or on the field, of the political situation. One fellow-traveller sat stolidly in his corner reading *Horse and Hound*. The rest discussed the burning problem of the Welsh Union's attitude to the Swansea ground.

I found this a little odd, but there you are. Sport goes on, and the really important thing, I suppose, is to pick the winner of next Friday's Grand National. Royal Mail, do you think? Evan Williams has no doubt about it. Or the French challenger, Takvor Pacha, perhaps, carrying only 10 st. 9 lb. If this dry weather persists, the firm going will suit Royal Mail, and there my prognostication ends.

ONE small point while we are picking winners. Since it now seems certain that we shall have to dive into our pockets—a shilling on the income-tax did I hear you say?—for more armaments, it has been suggested that the least painful way of applying the screw would be to let us have some fun for our money, and institute a State Lottery.

Is this, do you think, a heinous proposal? Would it imply, as good folk argue, a sad deterioration in the national morale? Or would it merely soften the blow of taxation, and give us a run for our inevitable disbursements?

THEN what about these Olympic Games? The International Olympic Committee, meeting in Cairo, have decided that the 1940 Olympiad is to be held in Tokyo, Japan, according to the original arrangement, and despite Japan's little affair in China.

This is surprising. There was a very strong feeling that, whatever Japan might say, they would have to miss their turn.

Now that the position is ratified, what is to be Great Britain's attitude? I have an idea that the Amateur Athletic Association will be definitely unfavourable. And quite rightly, in my opinion. The Olympic Games have become little more than an opportunity for national propaganda, and we can hardly be sympathetic towards a nation which has behaved as Japan has in China.

Politics will keep creeping in this week, but putting aside our feelings about the horrors of Japan's campaign in China, I doubt very much whether we should support another Olympiad organised on modern

(Concluded on page 476)

At the First Flight

J. P. Knight, nearest the camera, won the 120 yards hurdles by as close a margin as his University won the day at the White City Stadium (Oxford 60, Cambridge 57, was the result). He is from Lancing and Trinity College, Oxford, and he finished the course in 15·6 seconds, beating Norman-Walker (Corpus, Cambridge), Scopes (B.N.C.) and Hughes (St. John's, Cambridge)

Fighting for Higher Education

Four anonymous members of the N.S.C. have offered nineteen-year-old amateur Arthur Danahar two years at a University if he wins the British Light-weight title before the end of next season. Here his father is bathing his hands in a special lotion to dispense with the necessity for bandaging

This England . . .

Valley of the Tamar—Cornwall

COLTSFOOT and daffodil, heartsease and the little dog-violet, would tell us that Spring is come again. Though always it seems less joyous than the poet sings, filled rather with mists and sudden falls, and eager, gusty winds . . . yet is it pregnant with a sweet unrest. The house binds, and we would be abroad, seeking the tints and perfumes of a new-waked earth. Oft-times, indeed, to our undoing, for the winter has dragged upon us, and the days of healing sunshine are not yet. Remember then, that ancient wisdom has devised a shield—'gainst sodden clothes and nipping winds, and treacherous weariness. You know it? Worthington, full-bodied golden distillate of last year's sun.

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Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 474)*

The Winner of the Desprez Challenge Cup

Mrs. G. Minton won the fourteenth fencing competition for the Desprez Challenge Cup at Bertrand's and was handed her trophy by Dr. A. J. Cronin. She also won the silver cup

Two Smart Jumps in Oxfordshire

Neck and neck over the water, and not much further apart at the finish, were Captain J. E. S. Chamberlayne on his Drop o' Scotch and Mr. R. C. Barrow on his Hanvin. The former won by a neck, the latter came third by a short head in the event — the Members' Light-weight race in the Heythrop and Coldstream Guards' point-to-point

lines. Not, that is to say, if we really do care for amateur sport.

Let the politicians and propagandists keep to their own rackets. There is plenty of room outside the political arena for us to play our games. If it had been possible for the Olympiad to be held at Helsingfors, the proper spirit might have returned. As it is, I hope profoundly that British athletes will rule Tokyo right out of their reckoning.

I DO detect, going from place to place, a definite reaction against false values in sport. Boxing ballyhoo, for example, is losing its grip. When Tommy Farr was so decisively beaten by Max Baer, no one worried, or even expressed much surprise. It was just another fight, quite unimportant. It did not surprise me, I must confess. I only wondered what could have been the matter with Max Baer when he was outpointed by Farr in London last year.

Farr, for all his confidence and blustering, is not a world champion. He has courage and boxing skill. He can take it, and that is more than we can say of some British heavy-weights of recent years. He lacks a punch, though, and no amount of ballyhoo by his trainers and managers can disguise that fact.

We heard, before he lost to Baer, that he was knocking sparring partners out in rows. Tough bozos left him every day, sobbing bitterly "That guy hits too hard."

THE punch was assiduously built up, but it never existed. The ability to hit hard is a natural gift. You can either punch or you can't. There are no two ways about it. It is the same with all games. Timing is the secret of it, whether you are cracking a ball through the covers, or slapping one down the fairway, or smacking Joe Louis on the nose. And Farr could smack Joe Louis till kingdom come without the ebony gentleman being seriously inconvenienced.

There is a fight of some consequence on April 7th—Len Harvey against Jock McAvoy for the light-heavyweight championship of Great Britain. I hope it will be a good fight, for I shall have to watch it. But my pulses beat no faster at the prospect.

ONE young man who has the gift of timing in excelsis is A. D. Locke, the South African golfer, who has just turned professional. Locke is not yet twenty-one, but he has already established himself as a prodigy. We have seen him in this country twice, and although he disappointed the South African optimists who hoped to net £30,000 if he won both the British and Amateur Open titles, he did finish first amateur in the last two Open championships.

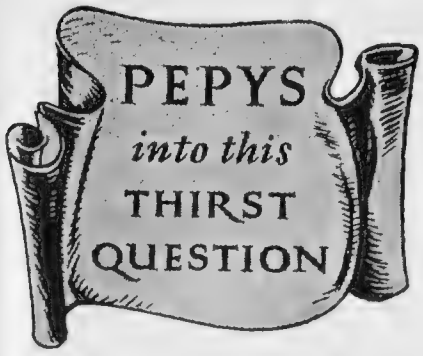
His feats in South Africa are rapidly becoming legendary, and now that he has entered the professional ranks, he may well mature into one of the greatest players in the game. Good luck to him, anyhow.

GOLF courses have been pleasant places in the recent miraculous spell of sunshine, and it is agreeable to reflect that before long we shall be welcoming the lawn tennis season. Not very hopefully, perhaps, from a Davis Cup point of view, for it is probable that we shall be without C. E. Hare and C. R. D. Tuckey. For us this means a lean period of reconstruction, which will not be without its interest. For the Australians it means so determined a chase of the Cup that we shall not see them at Wimbledon. This is a sad disappointment, for we had looked forward to watching J. E. Bromwich particularly, since his idiosyncrasies of technique had proved so awkward to the great Donald Budge. Perhaps Budge, who intends to defend his championship, will give us quite enough to look at. Certainly we have no one likely to extend him greatly, unless, at last, Austin has his year.

A FINAL summer note—the seventy-fifth edition of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack* lies on my desk before me. It is a new Wisden's—demure in a limp linen cover—re-designed and put into logical shape. At last we can find our way about it easily. The publishers must have hesitated before they dared to tamper with the sacred book, but their courage has been justified. Among other excellent features, there is an appeal for more natural wickets by G. O. Allen. For this alone Wisden's is worth while. I hope profoundly that Allen's arguments will play their part in bringing groundsmen to a more reasonable frame of mind. This question of wickets is without doubt the most important issue in cricket to-day.

The Winner of the Manners Cup

Mr. S. E. H. Baillie on his Le Maitre won the Grenadier Guards' annual regimental cross-country race at Bitchfield, Lincolnshire. Ten finished out of sixteen, and the field later met with the Belvoir (Duke of Rutland's) at Ingoldsby



FEB. 25TH A weary long day at The Office, where nothing to do save Crosswords. In the afternoon came a message from Mr. Poulteney that he would have my company with two ladies of his acquaintance at a Theatre of Varieties. Whither I went, and found his ladies very gay companions ; and in the Interval, one whose name was Betsy and had great eyes very merry to see, did teach me to mingle Whisky and Ginger Ale. And when I with firm voice bade the Barmaid look to it that the Ginger Ale be Schweppes, then Betsy cried that she did know me for a man of worldly knowledge ; which I think true. This blend of drinks doth please me greatly, the cool, sparkling keenness of the Schweppes Ginger Ale mingling most handsomely with the Whisky. Did say no word of the night's business to my wife, holding that least spoken soonest mended.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

From Cornwall to Berkshire

By Eleanor E. Helme

Two golfing treats have been mine this week, the renewing of acquaintance with St. Enodoc, and the making of it with the Red Course at the Berkshire. Every word that was written and said in praise of that lovely course on the north coast of Cornwall can be endorsed; whether it is being tackled in the seventies by a champion, or in the "never-mind-whats" by a rabbit—meaning me—it remains a magnificent test, and a delight too. The two are not always synonymous, but whether you pitch over the Himalayas with a number 3 for your second, or flounder into it with wood; whether you can plonk a second shot home at the tenth, or plumb the depths to the left of it; whether you scorn the cross bunker at the eighteenth or delve into it, your admiration remains undimmed. As for the scenery, let me not start on that, or I shall wander off, as I did along the coast, and never arrive back at the Berkshire.

And that would be a sad pity, for there are doughty deeds going on there in the Ladies' London Foursomes as I write, and both those who are doing them, and those who have fallen by the way, are enthusiastic about the Red Course. That is the one which runs nearest the road from Bagshot to Ascot and Bertram Mills' stables, but you are beautifully unconscious of any such distractions, or even of houses (which is scarcely odd, since there are none). Notwithstanding the drought—three weeks sun at least—the course was in grand order, even if the greens seemed uncomfortably fast to those who lost touch. But Miss McLintock, amongst others, proved that the putts could be holed early and often on them, so much so that it was very great fighting on the part of Miss Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Peel to defeat her, not to mention her partner.

I suppose the sensation of the day was seeing Royal Mid-Surrey beaten 5 and 4 by Chigwell; the Barton sisters sound so impressive. So, in many respects, Miss Mervyn was, although she has been winter sporting and not playing golf; it is always a pleasure to watch that rather leisurely, well-balanced swing of hers, and if she was the sinner at the last hole of the match, she had been the saint most of the rest of the way. Perhaps it is hardly fair to judge Miss Pam by her play that day; she had just been having intensive coaching from Henry Cotton, and the application of newly-acquired ideas is always difficult when the pinch comes. But one cannot help longing to see her catch somebody's rhythm and ally it to her own power, instead of trying to hit the ball harder every shot than anybody else. The loss of rhythm, quite apart from physical exhaustion if that is attempted right through a championship, seems ill repaid by the few additional yards, for, after all, the number of holes where ten extra yards make any difference to the number of shots taken to reach the green is surely small? At all events, a good deal went wrong, Mrs. Iorns and Miss Dorrit Wilkins played exceedingly well with hardly a falter, and 5 and 4 was no more than their just due.

The Berkshire themselves, after a terribly narrow shave in the morning from Chorley Wood, likewise did some taking of chances in the afternoon, when they beat Worplesdon so soundly. Mrs. Cyril Gray and Mrs. Gallatly are a good pair: Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Peggy Falkner ought to have been, but again winter sports came into the question, with sad results for Mrs. Greenlees. Miss Falkner played splendidly, and seems to have acquired a new and very attractive smoothness in her swing, but it was unavailing.

The holders, Addington, with Mrs. Garon and Mrs. John Beck were saved a journey with a bye and a walk-over, so there is nothing to be said about them yet, and it only remains to record that the world seemed to think well of West Hill's chances, with perhaps a thought for Sunningdale, for whom Mrs. Gage and Miss Madeline Fyshe might possibly repeat the win Mrs. Gage had a few years ago with Miss Fishwick, and for Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart, who have won too many Bystander Foursomes together for their chances to be overlooked.

Which calls to mind that the entry form for Bystander One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes appears this week, on page viii. Wentworth are again welcoming the event, which is to be on Tuesday, May 3rd, and may be taken as a prelude to Wentworth's own open foursomes on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 5th, 6th and 7th. Our One-Day Spring entries close on Friday, April 22nd, but no wise golfer waits till then to enter. It is not merely the risk of being crowded out of the hundred couples who form the limit. Requests to start at 10.30 are made on at least 70 per cent. of the forms; with the best will in the world, and two courses to boot, only four couples can have that exact hour, and the requests can only be taken in order of entry. So early entry is to be recommended, as well as a preference for some other starting time.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

The Ladies' London Foursomes on the Red Course of the Berkshire Club

West Byfleet, represented by Miss Barbara Dix Perkin and Mrs. R. T. Peel, won the event by beating Camberley Heath by 2 and 1 in the final

Miss Dorrit Wilkins was one of the Chigwell representatives who beat the Barton sisters in one of the earlier rounds

Mrs. D. Iorns was Miss Wilkins' Chigwell partner. In the semi-final they fell to the runners-up, Mrs. D. Chambers and Mrs. H. Palmes of Camberley Heath

Mrs. Garon and Mrs. John Beck of Addington, the holders, lost to the eventual winners, West Byfleet, at the 20th hole in one of the semi-finals

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Romantic evening dresses with wide crinoline skirts have swept into fashion this season, and are seen side by side with sheath-like frocks which hug the figure. While the latter may appeal more strongly to the sophisticated woman, the former are extraordinarily picturesque and becoming. They are made in taffeta, brocade, and slipper satin, with small, tight waists and bare shoulders covered more often than not by a three-cornered lace shawl. This romantic spirit is reflected to a lesser degree in the lovely dress above from the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is made in black marquisette with a full sunray pleated circular skirt, picked out with narrow lace frills. These are repeated on the corsage and graceful cape which takes the place of a shawl. Another model of a more spectacular nature is in Persian blue satin-backed crêpe with a narrow skirt slashed round the ankles, and a sleeveless tunic embroidered with silver sequins. With it is worn a blue tulle head-dress consisting of full balloon sleeves which fall from the head like a veil

And So Good Night

Lingerie, as a whole, never changes very much except to grow rather more diaphanous every season. Colours are certainly more daring than they were ten years ago, and prints are always in the news at this time of year. Chiffon, spotted, striped and flowered, is used for frilly nightgowns, while pyjamas are made in less transparent materials such as satin. The house-coat, a simplified version of the tea-gown, now often takes the place of a negligé, and is worn for breakfast, cocktails, and even dinner, depending upon the material it is made of. In the same way, pyjamas have grown more elaborate and may be worn for informal entertaining. In this case the trousers are usually in a dark shade of satin or velvet, and the coat is an elaborate affair either printed in rich colours or embroidered with metal threads

There is nothing so satisfying as lovely lingerie, and the bride-elect should visit Liberty's, Regent Street. They designed the youthful negligé above in peach-coloured crêpe satin. It is cut like a house-coat with a graceful flared skirt and puffed elbow sleeves covered in lace frills. Sea-green embossed crêpe makes another attractive wrap with elbow sleeves and a wine-coloured satin sash which forms a wide "cummerbund." It is ankle-length and ideal for leisured moments. The charm of several pastel colours blended together is reflected in a printed satin negligé with full balloon sleeves in printed chiffon repeating the same design

Though prints are fashionable, many brides prefer pastel colours since they are more flattering first thing in the morning when we none of us look our best. A charming trousseau nightdress is worn by the model seated on the right. It is made in Celanese crêpe de Chine, richly encrusted with Alençon lace, and is available in various pastel shades, including nectarine. Another equally charming model, entirely cut on the cross, is in Celanese ninon with a lace top edged with frilling. Apart from beautiful lingerie, which is well-known for its excellent wearing qualities, Celanese make all sorts of lovely dress materials, which are sold practically everywhere

Scott Bushe

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

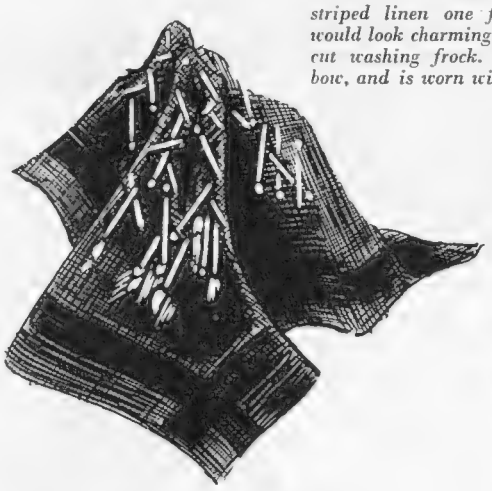
pictured by pam

discovered by peta

In Search of Novelties

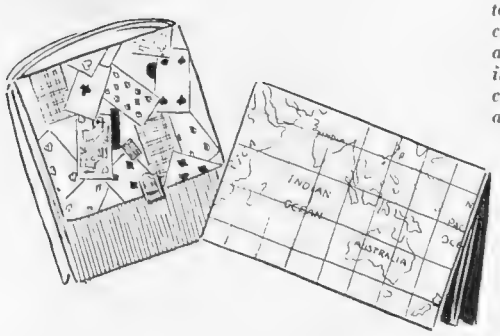
Eccentric jewellery makes all the difference to a plain frock, and Ships are showing several new ideas in necklaces. The one above is in a lovely shade of sea-green shot with silver, and consists of rows and rows of spun glass secured at either end by gilt clips in the shape of ivy-leaves. It is suitable for day or evening, and costs 30s.

Sailor hats are always smart with tailormades, and this striped linen one from Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street, would look charming with a grey flannel suit or a severely cut washing frock. It is trimmed with a stiff white bow, and is worn with a matching buttonhole and bracelet



This scarf provides a real temptation to play with fire, as it is strewn with coloured matches, many of which are lighted. In soft black wool, it costs 12s. 6d. at Jaeger's, and can be worn in various ways such as over the head or round the waist

Tinsel flowers in rather crude colours add sparkle and charm to a well-groomed head. This spray of green, pink, and copper roses, interspersed with gilt leaves, costs 32s. 6d., and may be seen at Ships. It is particularly striking with dark hair and a black dress



If you have a card sense and are frivolously disposed, you will choose the bag on the left from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It costs 49s. 6d. in apple-green leather and printed silk, while the other for 59s. 6d. will appeal to the intellectual mind. It is made from an old school atlas, and contains, among other things, a screw pencil

People with no sense of direction should always wear this compass clip from Ships of Lansdowne Row. It only costs 10s. 6d., and is designed in the shape of a gilt flower. Below it is a bunch of spring violets with a large gold leaf. This pins on like a brooch and costs 19s. 6d.

A Move In The Air

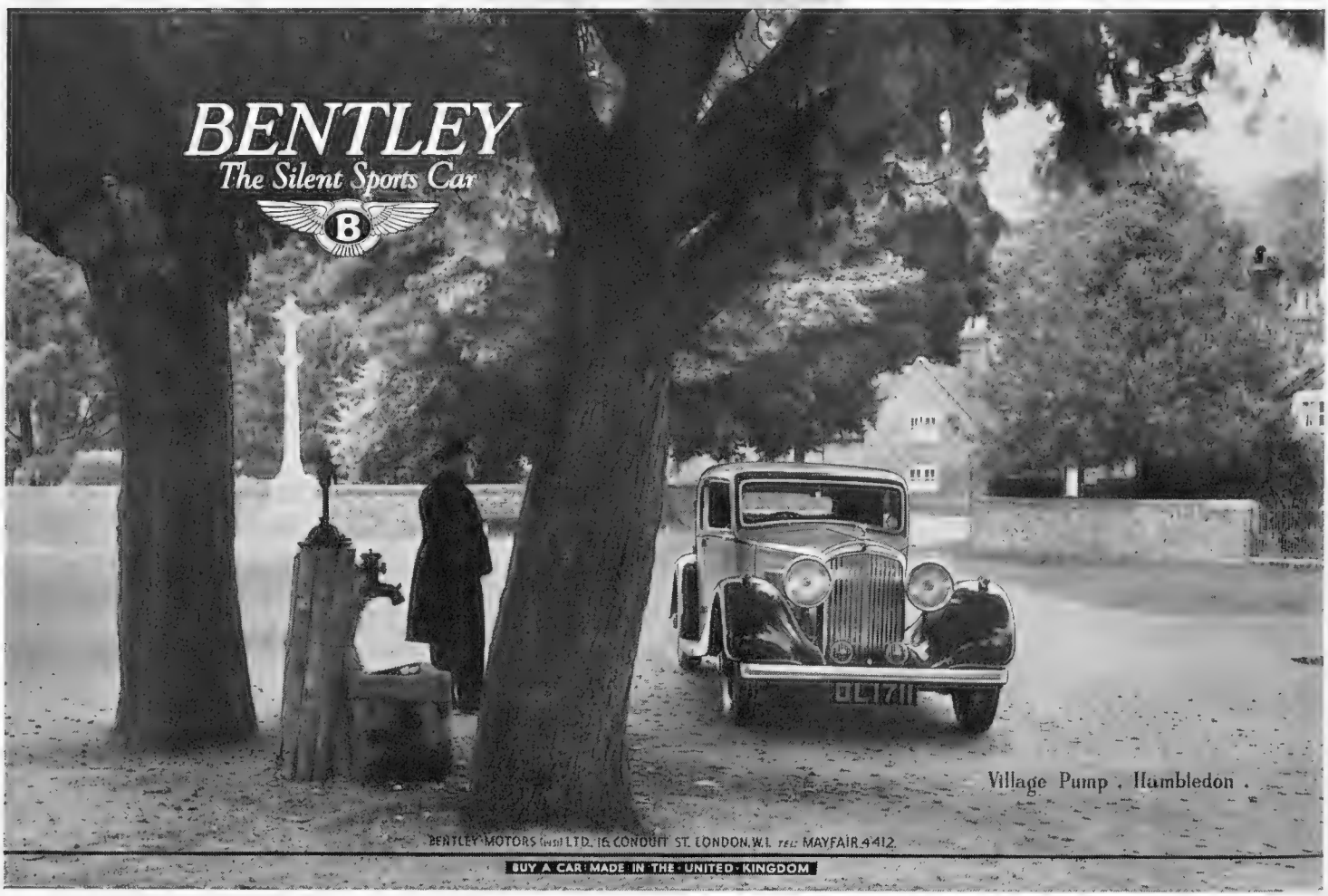
By Charles Ward

At the A.I.D. Annual Dinner. On the left, Colonel Sir Donald Banks, now Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air, with Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, who is Chief of the Air Staff and in control of the R.A.F.

This has certainly been an exciting month in the air, with political events on the Continent having a stimulating effect on re-armament. Unfortunately, the prior claims of the R.A.F. and the Air Estimates have tended to obscure the value of the Cadman Report on civil aviation. The Government has made its new appointments at the Ministry, but the prospects of an early delivery of aircraft to cope with the demand for fast transport is small. Perhaps we shall have to buy more American aircraft to fill the breach until our own are ready. There are none to be purchased on the Continent, and we have more in common with the U.S.A. not only during these troubled times, but for business reasons should the tumult happily die away, than with any of the European nations. A point which many have overlooked in the Report is the contemplated liaison between subsidised operators and the manufacturers. This has been a weak link in our commercial policy in the past. Both Imperial and British Airways should be able to stimulate design and to plan their requirements so that we obtain a clear lead in flying-boat and landplane types by the end of 1940.

Domestic air transport and private flying get very little assistance. The official list of aerodromes that will be aided financially in the matter of night-lighting is awaited with interest. No further services and no night-mail carriage are possible until the aerodrome scheme is complete. As for the clubs, their valuable work in the past is not sufficiently recognised. It was due to the enthusiasm of owner-pilots, to others who were willing to pay their guineas to get into the air, plus the faith of de Havillands and a few other firms, that we have as many light 'planes as there are to-day, and much local enthusiasm at the big centres of population. The Volunteer Reserve Scheme has robbed the clubs of many potential members. At a time of emergency, every trained pilot would be valuable. There seems need for a further scheme of training, to be carried out directly by those clubs and schools which are not included at present. A higher rate of subsidy could be offered for pilots between eighteen and thirty years of age who put in a certain maximum number of hours a year, and who qualified in one or two ground subjects which would make them useful as communications pilots in time of war. There is a large number of potential recruits to be obtained in this way. The Government has decided not to assist in the enlargement of aerodromes, though in actual fact, the R.A.F. has made private arrangements to do so in some instances. It seems a mistake to allow any good aerodrome to lose the chance of expansion in area whilst its surroundings are free of obstructions. In the long run, we shall need larger landing-places for civil and Service use. Now is the time to develop them, whilst enthusiasm for the air is at such a high pitch.

Captain de Havilland, who flew to Nairobi at the beginning of the year on an airman's holiday, makes some interesting comments in the de H. *Gazette* about the equipment of his own "Rapide." Fuel consumption was 18¾ gallons an hour. Airscrew noise to be reduced, but otherwise 'plane untiring to fly seven hours a day. Sun-blinds to be extended. Mixture control very easy to operate. Pilot's seat most comfortable.



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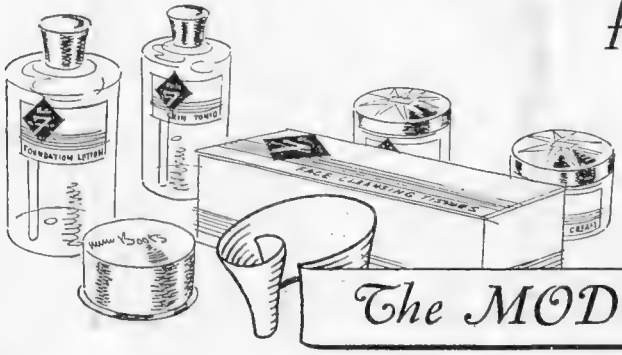

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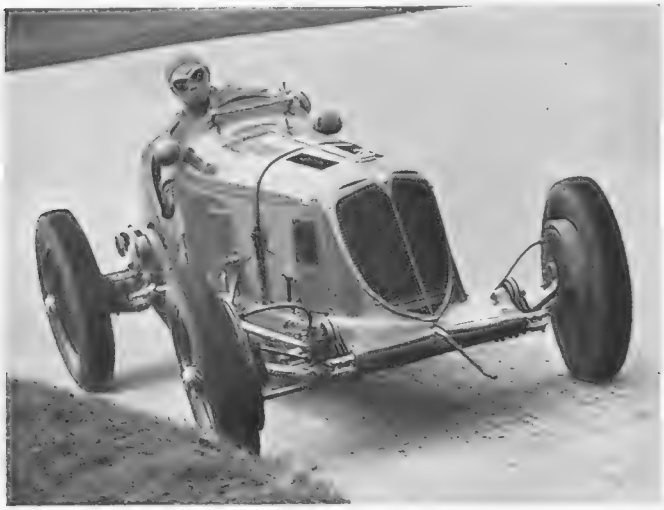
Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE 1938 Brooklands season opened with something of a sensation, for at the start of the fifth race, two of the cars got transposed at the line-up, the limit man, who received 1 minute 7 seconds being put on the 44 seconds mark, and A. F. P. Fane, whose Frazer-Nash-B.M.W. should have occupied this position, going off the limit-mark. Naturally, with this gratuitous advantage of 23 seconds over all the rest of the field, Fane led from start to finish, but the margin by which he beat Harvey-Noble's M.G. was less than the 23 seconds he had had presented to him, so the mistake landed the organisers in more than somewhat of a jam!



Practising for Brooklands: "B. Bira" in his brother's, (Prince Chula of Siam) Maserati. He was second in the First and Third March Road Handicaps

Now I can find nothing in the International Regulations governing the sport which prescribes the correct procedure for adoption in a contingency such as this, but I believe that the starter is empowered to stop or cause to be stopped each competitor and to require a fresh start. At Brooklands, however, Ebblewhite did not do this; consequently the race ran right through, and, as already stated, gave Fane the easiest win of his life. One thing *is* certain. When a race has once been run off in its entirety, no one—not even the stewards of the meeting nor the R.A.C.—has the power to order a re-run. So the race, as a race, had to stand, and the stewards immediately went into a huddle to decide what was to be done.

It could be argued that a competitor who complies with all the rules and obeys the instructions of all the officials of the meeting and finishes first in his race, is entitled to be regarded as the winner. Equally, it might be held in favour of Harvey-Noble's claim that, as he completed the race in the shortest net time of any competitor, victory should go to him. Whichever way you look at the thing, those members of the public who backed Harvey-Noble got a raw deal, for Brooklands bookmakers pay "first past the post," irrespective of objections and disputes. And I am not one of those human ostriches who are so obsessed by the tag "the sport 's the thing," that I am prepared to disregard the effect of incidents of this kind upon the goodwill of the sport as a whole in relation to the vital spectating public.

The stewards found themselves confronted by as pretty a knot as ever stewards had to unravel, and in the end, with Solomon-like judgment, they pronounced as follows:

"The Stewards of the Meeting received a report that at the start of the fifth race a mistake occurred in the dispatch of the first three cars.

"Nos. 10 (Fane), 12 (P. C. T. Clark) and 14 (F. Y. Andrews) were sent off in that order, instead of Nos. 14, 12 and 10, the correct order.

"Consequently the 'programme of the competition' was not 'duly carried out.' No specific powers are given to the Stewards to correct such a mistake. It has, however, been proved that No. 10 (through no fault of his own) gained an extra start of 23 seconds, and therefore the Stewards consider that he cannot be awarded a place in the race. They declare that Nos. 5 (G. P. Harvey-Noble), 9 (A. Leitch) and 8 (H. J. Aldington) are placed first, second and third.

"Having in view the fact that No. 10 was

(*Concluded on page* viii)

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Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* vi)

officially started at the wrong time, we recommend that he be given an award equal in value to the first prize, as he crossed the finishing-line in front of all other competitors."

But for the many unfortunates who backed Harvey-Noble (and I hasten to add that I was *not* one of them !), there was no consolation award. Their plight, in fact, appears completely to have been ignored.

THE entries for the Royal Automobile Club's Rally have closed with a total of 257, as compared with 213 last year—an increase of 44. The following are the totals from each starting-point: Glasgow, 16; Harrogate, 66; Leamington, 69; London, 81; Torquay, 25.

The entries for the coachwork competition have also risen from 87 to 113. I think this spurt in popularity is due in large measure to the institution of the enforced stop on the second night of the road section, and that it will be found to be such a considerable improvement, that an even larger entry may be expected for next year's event.

The Rally begins on Tuesday, April 26th, competitors arriving at the finishing-point, Blackpool, on the following Thursday. Upon arrival, and again on the Friday, competitors will undergo a number of special tests, designed to demonstrate the capabilities of cars in acceleration, braking, steering, road-holding, and general manœuvrability, while the event will conclude on the Saturday with the Coachwork Competition, in which the cars will be judged for elegance and utility. My own car in the Rally will be a 1½-litre M.G., with which I shall start from the Leamington control, journeying by way of Cromer, Brighton, Torquay, Tenby, Bwlch-y-Groes, and Pentre Foelas to Blackpool—a total distance of 1027 miles.

H. J. Aldington in a Frazer-Nash and A. Leitch in a Bugatti were second and third in the Second March Road Handicap at Brooklands: G. P. Harvey-Noble in an M.G. won the race

WHEN Rudolf Caracciola covered the flying kilometre and the flying mile at 268·9 m.p.h. and 268·7 m.p.h. respectively, on the Frankfürt-Darmstadt autobahn, the world gasped suitably. But it had another gasp coming, for when these records were duly ratified, it was revealed that the engine of the twelve-cylinder Mercédès-Benz car responsible for them is under six litres in capacity—to be exact, 5576 c.c.

This means of course, that these new records come in the International Class B category, and that Caracciola's engine was roughly half a litre smaller in capacity than that of the Auto-Union from which the records were taken at speeds some 17 m.p.h. faster.

PURCHASERS of new cars will find that many makers are now recommending comparatively thin oil for engine lubrication. To motorists who have been used to the assumption that only thick oil is good oil, this change in practice will come as a surprise. The explanation is, however, simple enough: experienced engineers have realised for a long time that thin, or lighter, oils offer many advantages over thick. It has, for instance, always been known that thin oil, owing to its greater fluidity, would reduce engine friction and promote easier starting. It has also been proved to reduce petrol-consumption and to cut down cylinder wear. The difficulty has been to produce an oil which is thin when cold and not too thin when hot. At last light oils have been developed which overcome this difficulty, and the car manufacturers are now able to recommend their use. But the chemists are not wholly content with the results they have obtained, and the research is being continued in order to improve and perfect the present oils.

When these researches are successfully concluded, yet another factor for easier and more efficient motoring will have been evolved.

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1938)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (14th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

Holders: MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM and MRS. A. H. GILLIGAN.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 22nd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 25th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 22nd, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (14th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at .....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* .....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

FURS
AT SUMMER PRICES

FUR-COAT DEPARTMENT
(FIRST FLOOR)

(Above)
BLACK-DYED AMERICAN BROADTAIL COAT with the new full hanging back from shoulders.

SUMMER PRICE **28** GNS.

(Right)
DYED RUSSIAN ERMINE COAT, smart swing-back shape, selected skins.

SUMMER PRICE **95** GNS.

INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
[JAY'S LTD.] REGENT STREET W.1
CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Alice Gammell and Eric Ivory

It is a Scottish engagement between Eric James Ivory, of Brewlands, Glenisla, Angus, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ivory, of Colinton, Midlothian, and Alice Margaret Joan Gammell, youngest daughter of Sir Sydney and Lady Gammell, of Countesswells, Aberdeenshire

Anna Instone and Gerald Stroud

Anna Instone is the second daughter of the late Sir Samuel Instone and Lady Instone, of 11, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park; her fiancé, Gerald Stroud, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stroud, of Grove End, Hampstead

Richard Pearse and Dorothy Spicer

Flight-Lt. Richard Pearse, R.A.F.O., of Whitmead, Tilford, Surrey, is engaged to Dorothy Spicer, only daughter of the late Norman Spicer and Mrs. Spicer, now at the Clifton Hotel, Welbeck Street. Miss Spicer is so far the only woman in the Empire to qualify for a ground engineer's licence in flying

Elliott — Whittaker

John Elliott and Diana Mary Whittaker were married at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate. He is the son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Chester; she is the daughter of the late John Whittaker and Mrs. Whittaker, of Dean's Orchard, Mere, Wilts.

Read — Scott

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Arnold Wyndham Read, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Read, of Wakehurst, Englefield Green, Surrey, married Ursula Scott, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. R. S. Scott, of Genesis Green Stud, Wickhambrook, Newmarket

Glavert — Taylor

John Glavert, son of the late E. Glavert and Mrs. Glavert, of Buckinghamshire, married Thelma Eugenie Taylor at Rothbury Parish Church. She is the daughter of the late L. B. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of The Laurels, Dudley, Worcs.

Vinson — Ferguson

John Worksett Vinson, third son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Ronald Vinson, of Nettlestead Place, Wateringbury, Kent, and Jean Monica Anne Ferguson, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Ferguson, M.P., and Lady Ferguson, of The Close, Tunbridge Wells, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Sparks — Wallace Dunlop

Commander Jack Sparks, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Sparks, of Thatched Cottage, Cove, Farnborough, Hants., and Mrs. Barbara Wallace-Dunlop, daughter of Mrs. Brittan, of Florida, were married at St. John's, Cove

(Continued on page D.)

B71
29/6

Gorringes

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.

B.87. Tailored HAT in FINE STRAW trimmed Petersham bow across front. In White, Natural, Green, Clover, Tan, Lido, Nigger, Navy or Black.
Sizes 6¾ to 7⅛ 35/9

B.94. Practical adaptable FELT HAT for sports or country wear. In Hyacinth, Tan, Grey, Barley, Green, Nutria, Brown, Navy or Black.
Sizes 6¾ to 7½ 12/11

B.72. Useful HAT in light-weight MATERIAL for country wear, with brim rolled slightly at side, trimmed Ribbon and cut ends. In Wine, Green, Beige, Brown, Navy, Black or White.
Sizes 6¾ to 7¼ 21/9

B.71. Finely sewn STRAW HAT featuring the new low crown with bandeau fitting, trimmed flowers across front and veil. Available in the new season's shades as well as Brown, Navy or Black.
Sizes 6¾ to 7 29/6

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1
Two minutes from Victoria Station.
'Phone: VICtoria 6666 (24 lines).

"Getting Married" *(continued from page B.)*

Kay Vaughan

Nancy Salisbury Simpson

Is the daughter of Capt. S. H. Simpson, R.N., and Mrs. M. F. Caldwell, of Brampton Bridge House, Newcastle, Staffs.; she is engaged to Flt.-Lt. C. H. Dalrymple Wardrop, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hamilton Wardrop, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa

Pearl Freeman

Angela Boys-Adams

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. Boys-Adams, of Brook Mill, Buckfastleigh, Devon; she is engaged to Richard Smales, R.E., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. C. Smales, of The Lodge, Yealmpton, Devon

Lenare

Ruth Mary Addison

Is the only daughter of Admiral Sir Percy and Lady Addison, now at 31, Kensington Court, W.8; she is to marry on April 23rd John Erskine Grayhurst Pearson, B.M., M.R.C.P., son of Sir Herbert and Lady Pearson, of Levelis, Gerrard's Cross

Fayer of Vienna

Elizabeth Barnardo

Is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Barnardo, of 18, Melbury Road, W.14, and is engaged to Reichsritter Christoph Furer von Haimendorf und Wolkersdorf, Ph.D., of Vienna, Germany

Bassano

Elizabeth Wilson

Is the daughter of the late Gerald Wilson and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson, of Axmens Ford, Basingstoke. She is to marry Patrick Alexander Campbell Don, R.A., son of Major and Mrs. J. A. Don, of Cray, Glenshee, Perthshire

Bassano

Marie Louise Barber

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barber, of Belmont, Jersey, and is to marry Edward Fitzroy Talbot-Ponsonby, of Langrish, Hants., only son of the late C. G. Talbot-Ponsonby and Mrs. Talbot-Ponsonby, of Glebe House, Lindfield, Haywards Heath

Catherine Bell

Muriel Greenwood

Is the eldest daughter of the late B. Greenwood and Mrs. Greenwood, of St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park; she is engaged to Major J. B. L. H. Cordes, eldest son of the late H. H. Cordes and Mrs. Cordes, of 19, Thurloe Place, S.W.7

Cannons of Hollywood

Dorothy Etherton

Dorothy Ellen Mary Etherton, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Louis Etherton, of 10, Onslow Square, S.W.7, is engaged to Derek Colclough Walker-Smith, younger son of Sir Jonah and Lady Walker-Smith, of 8, Heath Close, N.W.11

Peter North

Hilary Pakington

Is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Humphrey and Mrs. Pakington, of 98, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8; she is engaged to David John Vaughan Bevan, of The New House, The Schools, Shrewsbury, second son of the late P. V. Bevan and Mrs. Bevan, of 17, Carlton Mans., W.9

Navana

Frances Celia Lodge

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. C. Lodge, of Holmwood, Surrey, and is to marry Geoffrey Walter Hewett, only son of Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Hewett, of Pixham Mill House, Dorking

Bertram Park

Lili Curtis

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. C. Curtis, of Caynham Cottage, Ludlow, Shropshire; she is engaged to J. G. F. Milbank, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank, of Barningham Park, Richmond, Yorkshire

Pearl Freeman

Kathleen Ethyl Willmott

Is the only daughter of the late H. Russell-Willmott and Mrs. Willmott, of Marylands, Grayshott, Hants.; she is engaged to Pilot Officer F. E. O. Temple-West, eldest son of Comdr. and Mrs. F. E. Temple-West, of Langham, Gillingham, Dorset

No Grass

No grass under the feet of young women who'll claim these sweaters. Everybody will want at least one more than her budget says she should have. They're like that. But don't say we didn't warn you! Pastel Tints, Stripes, soft woolly ones, rich crêpy ones, short sleeves, long sleeves—hundreds of them. Prices begin at 35/9

The waistcoat style is in wool, in pastel shades, is **39/6**

The girl wearing the veil has a lace stitch sweater. We have it in pastel shades of powder blue, primrose, dusky pink, etc. **39/6**

The other one is a New Sweater Blouse in Angora wool, at **39/6**

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1 Sloane 3440

ask HARVEY NICHOLS

They Know About the Exclusive Ideas

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 23—March 29

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.), Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Tamara Geva and Raymond Massey in Robert Sherwood's play which won the Pulitzer Prize: Apollo, 8.30, Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE KING OF NOWHERE.—In Bridie's play about the borderlines of personal and political sanity, Marda Vanne plays a dominating spinster, Laurence Olivier a deranged actor who would be dictator: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARY GOES TO SEE.—Dame Marie Tempest acts a strongly beneficent part with skill, just as in all her plays: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess, with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SURPRISE ITEM.—Marius Goring in a Kipps-like part Valerie Taylor as his lode-star: Ambassadors, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Savoy, 8.30 (not Mon.). Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

TOSS OF A COIN.—Hackett's new play gives Marion Lorne a slightly different part from usual, in a bit of gambling luck: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 102.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

"Death on the Table"

Love interest at the nursing home is supplied by Peter Coke and Kay Walsh in the comedy-thriller headed by Hartley Power. At the Strand

Mirth and Mystery

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

FLOOD TIDE.—Adapted from A. P. Herbert's *House by the River* it has Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott, Ernest Thesiger to interpret: Phœnix, to-night, 23rd.

ROAD TO GANDAHAR.—Malcolm Keen and Lilli Palmer in some exciting Persian incidents; a first play: Garrick, Thurs., 24th.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play, with Harcourt Williams and Frank Napier, is from a Latin tract found at Canterbury: Westminster, Tues., 29th.

CINEMAS

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Do not go to this film full of expectations, it is good, certainly: photography and acting (with an exception) excellent, but an annoying story: Studio One.

DANGEROUS TO KNOW (American).—Gail Patrick, Akim Tamiroff and Anna May Wong in Edgar Wallace's tale of a gangster with social ambitions: Plaza.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES (British).—Emlyn Williams' grim genre: London Pavilion.

DOUBLE CRIME SUR LA LIGNE MAGINOT (French).—The setting for this exciting story is the authentic line of French forts, with shots authorised by the War Ministry: Academy.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (American).—Spectacular, musical, funny, stuffed with stars like Zorina, Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, this is money's-worth all right: Odeon.

I SEE ICE (British).—George Formby, Key Walsh, Cyril Ritchard, in a bright, ingenuous plot about a press photographer: Gaumont.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

MERRILY WE LIVE (American).—Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne are the players: Empire.

NINA PETROVNA (French).—Isa Miranda is the mistress of a Viennese baron (Aimé Clariond) but loves a penniless officer (Fernand Gravey); tragic fare: Curzon.

SCARFACE (American).—Paul Muni and George Raft in a re-make of the gangster clean-up thriller: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

TOVARICH (American).—A polished version of the stage success with Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TROIKA (French).—A spy film with Charles Vanel and Jean Murat: Berkeley.

VESSEL OF WRATH (British).—Charles Laughton is a beachcomber, Elsa Lanchester is a missionary in a lively version of Maugham's South Sea short: Regal.

Premiere

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Deanna Durbin's newest is not so different; Herbert Marshall lends tone: Leicester Square, Fri., 25th. 9.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

GREYSTEEL AND THE IMPRESARIO.—To-night, 23rd, 8.

BARABAU, HOROSCOPE, LORD OF BURLEIGH.—Thurs., 24th, 8.30.

GREYSTEEL AND THE IMPRESARIO.—Fri., 25th, 8.

GISELLE, BLUE BIRD PAS DE DEUX, GODS GO A BEGGING.—Sat., 26th, 2.30.

CARMEN.—Sat., 26th, 8.

CARNAVAL, PROMETHEUS, LES PATINEURS.—Tues., 29th, 8.30.

MUSIC

L.P.O. CONCERT.—Beecham conducts in a mixed programme including the *Meistersinger* overture, *L'après-midi d'un faune*, Schumann's First symphony, Benjamin's violin-viola concerto (Eda Kersey, Bernard Shore): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 24th, 8.15.

KREISLER AND THE L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in a concert in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies: Albert Hall, Sun., 27th, 3.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Stratton Quartet and three soloists in a Mozart chamber music programme: Sun., 27th.

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KEITH PROWSE
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159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

AND we have the Best Show
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In March, 1936, we made the following statement in our advertising:—

"The medical profession is against *internal* flesh-reducing preparations, except when specially prescribed by a doctor."

In September, 1937, the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health made the following statement on page 187 of his Annual Report for the year 1936:—

"No slimming drug or preparation should ever be taken except on medical advice and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that there is one drug—dinitrophenol—which should not be taken in any circumstances."

We are glad to have such authoritative confirmation of our statement, and would draw attention to the following:—

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- It will reduce only *excess* flesh.

In short, Redex is definitely the safest and most effective method of reducing superfluous flesh.

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21/- a bottle

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentalls, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall and Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If unable to obtain, send 21/- for a bottle (post free) from Redex Proprietaries Ltd., 85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

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Model 9479. 'Chicot' regd. A fur felt sports hat. In all fashionable colours. Price 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

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SPRING TECTOR. Supreme for protective comfort and athletic ease. Made in Scotland from finest botany. Vests with buttons and long or short sleeves, short sleeved pullover style (as shown), and sleeveless athletics. Ankle length pants or shorts with buttons or self-supporting waist band. In light natural or silver grey. Sizes, chest 34-52 ins., waist 32-52 ins. Each garment **14/-**. One-piece union suit **24/6**

WOOL AND SILK TECTOR. Spun silk and fine botany, unshrinkable and delightfully blended for ease and wear. In white or blue. Sizes, chest 34-46 ins., waist 32-46 ins. Each garment **18/6**. One-piece union suit **32/6**

TECTOR SOCKS. Pure botany in the neat fitting six and three rib. Mixtures of blue, grey and brown, and solids of black, navy, dark brown or white. Sizes 10-12 ins. Pair **3/6**. Six for **20/-**

One price for all sizes. If Tector shrinks we replace free.

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KENDAL MILNE & CO. DEANSGATE MANCHESTER

SIX AND EIGHTPENCE

"Meredith, I want to make my will. My fox-head scarf-pin to my Uncle Philip, unless he remarries. My collection of film stars' portraits, autographed, I leave to the Mess. To my faithful butler, Albert Hawkins, the contents of my cellar . . ."

"But, Lord Henry, isn't this rather sudden? It was only last night that I chanced to catch sight of you in Regent Street on the roof of a taxi-cab, sounding a fanfare on what appeared to be a hunting-horn."

"Don't remind me of it, Meredith. If you only knew how I feel. Not a morsel of food has passed my lips since a brace of devilled bones at three a.m."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that, Lord Henry, but in all my long experience I have seldom known a hangover prove fatal. Are you not cognisant of Rose's Lime Juice?"

"I think so, why?"

"Because the said Rose's, whether taken as Gin and Lime or consumed before bed, does, by virtue of its therapeutic properties, neutralise the after-effects of alcohol and render hangovers null and void."

"Is this true, Meredith?"

"I am speaking, Lord Henry, as your solicitor."

"Thank you, Meredith, from the bottom of my heart. You have given me fresh hope. Believe me, when I *do* come to make my will you shall not be forgotten."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S.

Short drink — 2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink — add soda

BRONNLEY
1·2·3
BATH SOAP
made with Turtle oil

"A beauty treatment as well as a Soap"

IN GARDENIA, LAVENDER, SANTAL, HONEYSUCKLE, ENGLISH FERN, VERBENA.

BATH SIZE 1/- per tablet
TOILET SIZE 6d. per tablet

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Whisky

Of all Whiskies, 'Canadian Club' is acknowledged to be the best basis for cocktails. 'Canadian Club' has a delicate piquancy and a distinguished flavour that are appreciated in every part of the civilised world. Be emphatic in your preference, see that your cocktails are mixed with 'Canadian Club'

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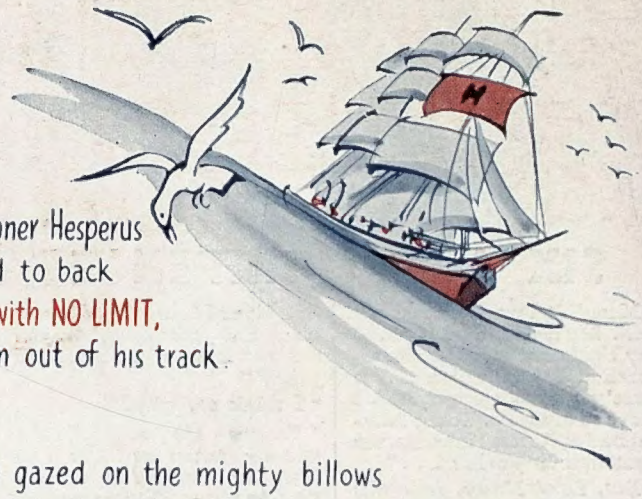
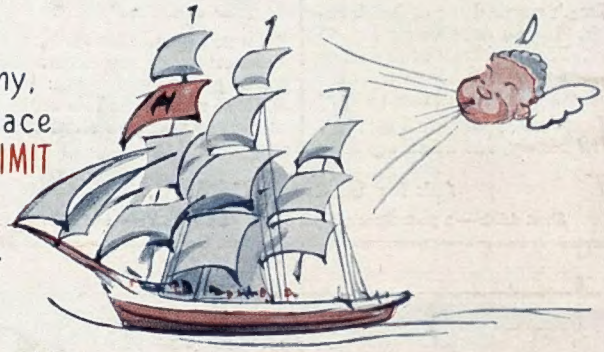
THE RACE OF THE SCHOONER HESPERUS.



The Skipper of schooner Hesperus
Had a horse he wanted to back
with **DUGGIE**, the Lad with NO LIMIT,
But the storm blew him out of his track.

He gazed on the mighty billows
And his heart was filled with dismay
How could he back his fancy
Unless he made port that day?

The odds he could get were lengthy,
Four 'ponies' he wanted to place
with **DUGGIE**, the Lad with NO LIMIT
So he crowded on sail
for a race.



He managed to bring the ship in, sir,
From port sent a wire ere the 'off'
to **DUGGIE**, the Lad
with NO LIMIT,
Said he, 'If it wins I'm a
'toff'."

The horse won and Duggie paid out, sir,
The skipper he no longer sails,
"It's the wicked old ocean's the Limit," said he,
"Here's to Duggie and blazes to gales!"

TRY Duggie -the Lad with NO limit

...he's waiting to open a Credit Account with you.

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